

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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VICTORIA I.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

BACK of all purity and wisdom of legislation, must lie that purity and singleness of mind which is only cultivated in private life. If a fountain be corrupt, its streams will not be clear; and we can not expect a court which is foul in itself, to spread the wings of love and protection over the people who look up to it as the dispenser of their welfare or their misfortunes. Private virtue must lie at the foundation, or we can rarely expect public justice even; and the show of it will only extend so far as the growth of liberty among the masses has counteracted the license of power.

Probably there has been no greater blessing bestowed upon Britain, or upon the civilized world during the pres-

ent generation, than the purity of that court which Victoria has gathered about her. Performing faithfully and devotedly the quiet unobtrusive duties of wife and mother in the midst of the highest honors which the world has in its gift for either man or woman, she gives an example which all should imitate, of her full appreciation of the value of domestic duties, and the necessity that the virtue which we demand in public life, should be taught at the fireside.

The Duke of Kent, father of Victoria, and fourth son of George III., was far superior to the other members of that royal family, yet he was dreaded for his rigid truthfulness, and persecuted for his want of sympathy with their shameful vices through all

his life. When there seemed a prospect of a failure of an heir to the crown from the older branches of the family, the Duke of Kent married the widow of Enrich Charles, Prince of Leiningen, and daughter of the Duke of Saxe Saalfeld Coburg. Anxious that his child who had so fair a chance of sitting on the throne of England, should be a Briton-born, he wished to return from Germany to England before her birth; but it was with much difficulty that he obtained the money required for their journey. The opposition which he encountered from the royal family, however, failed in its object, and through the remittances of comparatively humble friends, he was enabled to reach England and establish himself at Kensington Palace before the birth of Victoria, which took place on the 24th of March, 1819. The Duke of Kent lived only eight months after the birth of his child, so that the whole care of her training devolved on the Duchess, and nobly did she perform her task. The means for the education of the young princess were sparingly and grudgingly supplied, but there was no failure on the part of the watchful mother. The sketch which follows we copy from Mrs. Hale:

"Before the birth of this precious child, the Duchess of Kent had shown in the previous circumstances of her life, and particularly in the personal sacrifices and risks she endured when leaving her own home in Germany, she hastened to England so that her offspring might be British born, her deep devotion to duty, and that innate wisdom which has guided her through every task and trial. Perhaps nothing at the time more strikingly marked the moral delicacy of the woman and the decision of character so necessary to sustain it, than the resolution she evinced to trust herself to the care of the midwife whom she had summoned from Germany to attend her.

"In spite of the remonstrances of

those who fancied scientific knowledge was confined to masculine practitioners, the Duchess of Kent was firm in her purpose to employ only Dr. Charlotte,* as she was called; and thus, under a woman's care and skill, Victoria was ushered into the world. The Duchess of Kent nursed her infant at her own bosom, always attended on the bathing and dressing, and, as soon as the little girl could sit alone, she was placed at a small table beside her mother's at her meals, yet never indulged in any but the prescribed simple kinds of food. Thus were the sentiments of *obedience*, *temperance*, and *self-control* early inculcated and brought into daily exercise.

"The Duke of Kent died in debt for money borrowed of his friends. The Duchess instructed the little princess concerning these debts, and encouraged her to lay aside portions of money, which might have been expended in the purchase of toys, as a fund to pay these demands against her deceased father. Thus were awakened and cultivated those noble virtues, *justice*, *fortitude*, *fidelity*, *prudence*, with that filial devotion which is the germ of *patriotism*. And thus, throughout all the arrangements during the first seven years, the order, the simplicity, the conscientiousness of the teacher were molding the ductile and impressable mind and heart of the pupil to follow after wisdom and do the right. Love, in her mother's form, was ever around the little princess; the counsels and examples of that faithful Mentor, like an inspiration, served to lift up the young

* This female physician was a regular graduate from a medical college in Germany, where such midwives only, or chiefly, are employed by women of all ranks. "The Duchess of Kent adhered to the modest and praiseworthy custom of the old Teutonic nations, and confided herself to Dr. Charlotte," says an English writer. Would that this "modest and praiseworthy custom" might be prepared for and followed every where. Female physicians should be educated to take charge of their own sex and of children; then the public health would really improve, because the founders of those habits which ensure health would become enlightened. The employment of men as midwives is unscriptural and unnatural; an insult to the female mind, and an outrage on female delicacy.

soul to have hope in God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Well was it that the Duke of Kent left his wife sole guardian over their child. The Duchess could arrange the whole manner of Victoria's education, and superintend it. She did do this. From the day of her husband's death till Victoria was proclaimed queen, the Duchess of Kent never separated herself from her daughter. They slept in the same apartment; the first lessons were given by maternal lips, and when careful teachers were employed, still the mother was ever present, sharing the amusements, and encouraging the exercises and innocent gaiety of the child. Thus was Victoria trained. Her intellectual education was as thorough as her physical and moral. From her cradle she was taught to speak three languages — English, German, and French. In her fifth year, her mother chose as preceptor for the princess, the Rev. George Davys, now, through the gratitude of his pupil, Bishop of Peterborough. In the co-operation afforded by this gentleman with the wise plans of the Duchess for her daughter's instruction, he evinced great excellence of character, and his faithfulness was well rewarded. The Duchess confided in him fully. When the princess became heir presumptive to the throne, and it was intimated to her mother that some distinguished prelate should be appointed instructor, and Earl Grey named the Bishop of Lincoln, then was the conscientious and truly noble mind of the Duchess displayed. She expressed her perfect approval of Dr. Davys as her daughter's tutor, declined any change, but hinted, that if a dignified clergyman were indispensable to fill this important office, there would be no objection if Dr. Davys received the preferment he had always well merited. He was soon afterward made Dean of Chester. Such traits deserve notice, because illustrative of the good influences which surrounded the young princess, and also because they ex-

hibit the constancy of woman's esteem when gained by worthy conduct.

"Besides her preceptor, Victoria had an excellent instructress, the Baroness Lehzen, whose services were likewise retained through the whole term of her education; and the long harmony so happily maintained between the mother and her auxiliaries in this important work of preparing a sovereign to be worthy of a throne, is an example worth consideration by those who would seek the best models for private education.

"It has been stated repeatedly, and never contradicted, that the Princess Victoria was not aware of her claims on the succession until a little before the death of her uncle, George IV. The Duchess had thus carefully guarded her child from the pernicious flattery of inferiors, and kept her young heart free from hopes or wishes which the future might have disappointed. When the accession of King William placed her next the throne, she had completed her eleventh year, 'and evinced abilities, and possessed accomplishments very rare for that tender age in any rank of life,' says an English author. 'She spoke French and German with fluency, and was acquainted with Italian; she had made some progress in Latin, being able to read Virgil and Horace with ease; she had commenced Greek, and studied mathematics, and evinced peculiar aptness for that science of reality; indeed, in all the sciences connected with numbers, the royal pupil showed great skill and powers of reason.' She had also made good proficiency in music and drawing; in both of which arts she afterward became quite accomplished. Thus happily engaged in acquiring knowledge of every kind necessary for her royal station, among which the knowledge of the people was not neglected, nor the arts, sciences, and employments which most conduce to the prosperity and advancement of a nation, this young princess passed the

intervening years till her majority, May 24th, 1837. The day was kept as a general holiday throughout the kingdom. The city of London voted addresses of congratulation to the Princess Victoria and Duchess of Kent on that occasion, which we notice in order to give a few sentiments from the reply of the Duchess; she said:

“The princess has arrived at that age which now justifies me in expressing my confident expectation that she will be found competent to execute the sacred trust which may be reposed in her; for communicating, as she does, with all classes of society, she can not but perceive that the greater the diffusion of religious knowledge and the love of freedom in a country, the more orderly, industrious, and wealthy is its population; and that, with the desire to preserve the constitutional prerogatives of the crown, ought to be co-ordinate with the protection of the liberties of the people.”

“In four weeks from that day, the sudden death of William IV. gave the sovereignty of the British empire to this young maiden of eighteen. Beautifully has she fulfilled the expectations of her mother, and the hopes of the nation. The manner in which the Duchess relinquished her power over her daughter, was a fitting sequel to the faithfulness with which she had exercised it. The great officers of state and privy counsellors, a hundred or more of the noblest in the land, assembled on the morning of June 20th, at Kensington Palace. They were ushered into the grand saloon. Soon Victoria appeared, accompanied by her mother and the officers of her household. After the Duchess had seen her royal daughter enthroned on a seat of state prepared for the occasion, she withdrew, and left the young queen with her council. From that hour the Duchess treated her august daughter with the respectful observance her station, according to court etiquette, demands. No

more advice, no farther instructions, not even suggestions were ever offered. Doubtless, if the queen seeks her mother's counsel in private, it is always given in love and truth; but the good seed had been sown at the right time; it put forth, by the blessing of God, spontaneously. The soul, like the soil, must bear its own harvest.

“This example of strict virtue on the British throne was imperatively needed; hence, the great blessing conferred by the reign of Victoria, who is, in her private life, a model for her people. She was married on the 10th of February, 1840, to her cousin Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who had been for a time her associate in childhood, and whose development of character and talents has fully justified the wisdom of her choice, and the worth of her influence. The union was one of mutual affection, and has been remarkably happy and fortunate. The royal pair have already seven children — Victoria Adelaide, Princess Royal, born Nov. 21, 1840; Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, born Nov. 9, 1841; Alice Maud Mary, born April 25, 1843; Alfred Ernest, born August 6, 1844; Helena Augusta, born May 5, 1846; Louisa Caroline, born March 5, 1848; Arthur Patrick, born, May 1, 1850. All these children are carefully trained under the supervision of their royal parents; and the family of the queen is one of the best governed and guided in England.

“We might record royal journeys by sea and land more extensive than any made since the revolution; these are only of importance to our purpose as showing the activity of Victoria's mind, and the wise economy with which all her private affairs are managed. She finds time for all she wishes to do, and the means from her allowed income. She is never in debt. She is liberal in her charities, and, from her private purse, has pensioned many deserving persons, including a number of the literary

ladies of England. Compare Victoria's character and conduct since she came to the throne, with the best sovereign of her royal line. The Georges I. and II. were hardly above the brutes; we would not bring this excellent queen into comparison with such men; nor with George IV., the profligate sensualist, who disgraced the title of 'gentleman;' nor with William IV., of whom, on his accession, John Foster pithily remarks, 'It is to be hoped he is *better than the last*, and there could not well be *cheaper praise*.'

"Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., died considerably in debt, of which his son, rich as he was, never paid a farthing. So much for George III. as a son; let us look at him as a father. No sooner was George, Prince of Wales (afterward George IV.) born, than his father laid hands on the Duchy of Cornwall and all other property to which the son was entitled, appropriated the rents and profits thereof to his own use, and never accounted to the latter for any part of them whatever, (as he was bound to do on the son's coming of age,) but sent the son to Parliament for the payment of his debts.

"How different the conduct of Victoria! With an income of not much more than half the amount of that possessed by her grandfather George III., her almost first act on coming to the throne, was to pay her father's (the Duke of Kent's) debts out of her own privy purse; and on the birth of her son, (the Prince of Wales,) she had his Duchy and other property put into the hands of responsible commissioners, to be protected and made the most of for him till he was of age.'

"It is impossible to study carefully the manifestations of character in the sexes, without seeing on every side proofs of the superior moral endowments of the female. Woman is the conservator of truth and purity; the first teacher and best exemplar of the Christian virtues. When God, by

whom 'kings reign,' exalts a woman to the government of a great kingdom, we are led to believe it is for the purpose of promoting the best interests of virtue, religion, and social happiness. There was never a time when moral power might be so effectually and gloriously employed, as at the present. The empire of physical force is crumbling into ruins. It is fitting that the reign of feeling and intellect, of industry and peace, should be ushered in by a woman."

READING THE NEWSPAPERS; OR, THE BOILED DINNER.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

"MOTHER, here, why don't you take your baby?" called Mr. Wilkins from "the front room," where he sat half-hidden in the vines which his wife had taught to weave themselves into a green curtain before the window.

Baby Wilkins had for the last five minutes been trying the strength of his infantile lungs in the cradle, and Mr. Wilkins was getting tired of the noise, besides, as he said, "he could n't hear himself think, and he was anxious to finish that very interesting article in his newspaper. "Mother" kept steadily at her work, James Wilkins, junior, kept steadily at his crying, and James Wilkins, senior, kept steadily at his reading. But at length human nature could bear no more, and Mr. Wilkins went to the kitchen.

"Why, Hannah, how do you think I can read with such an everlasting yelling in my ears? Don't you hear that young one cry? My stars! how hot you've got it here."

"Yes, I hear him," snapped out Mrs. Wilkins, as she set upon the table a plate of potatoes with such force as to endanger the earthenware, "and it is n't the first time I've heard it, either, this morning; I've heard sweeter sounds. Your dinner is ready," she added, as she took little

Jimmy from the cradle, who commenced cooing and laughing the moment she went toward him.

"Come, John," called Mr. Wilkins to his hired man. "Why, mother, where are you going? Here, John, bring a bucket of water from the spring. Hannah, don't lug that baby after water," he added, all in a breath, as he stepped to the door, paper in hand, in time to see Mrs. Wilkins disappear in the direction of the spring with a bucket on one arm and the baby on the other. "Now, Hannah, what did you do that for?" said her husband, as she came in flushed and perspiring; "there was no necessity for you to carry the baby, or bring the water either."

"Oh, I thought I wouldn't trouble you with *my* baby."

Mr. Wilkins raised his eye-brows. "Well, John would have brought the water if you had spoken of it."

"You both knew water would be needed," she answered tartly.

The plain fact in the case was, Mrs. Wilkins was decidedly cross that day, and this her husband was now able to perceive, and after a few moments of silence, he attempted to bring about a more pleasant state of things by introducing some topic for conversation. He was rather unlucky in his selection of a subject.

"Wife, have you read that article in the last *Tribune* on butter making?"

"No, sir, I have not. Have you read it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Certainly I have. It says butter never can be made what it ought to be, without its being thoroughly washed, and that—"

"I can make butter now so that I can eat it, and you, too, I should judge by appearances. But have you read the whole paper?"

"I believe so. Yes, I finished it this noon."

"Did you read it last week, and the week before that?"

"Of course I did. The fact is, Hannah, you ought to try to read it yourself."

Mrs. Wilkins' eyes snapped. "Have you read the county papers of late?"

"What are you driving at? You know I always read them. I should first starve without them."

"Well, James, I can't tell the time when I have read the *Tribune*, or even a county newspaper. The fact is, I get no time to read, and I am positively ashamed of myself when such persons as Mrs. Blair and Mary Buel call here. It was only to-day that Mary was saying something to me about the Crittenden amendment and the English bill. I told her I knew nothing about any amendments, except such as your pantaloons needed, and asked what the English were doing now; you may believe I felt not a little mortified. When I was at home, I read all the newspapers, and was not behind Mary Buel, or yourself either, as you may remember. It is not fair; and, Mr. Wilkins, you must share the spare time with me, for henceforward I shall read the newspapers."

"Of course you must read the papers, but so must I, too; and how have I hindered your reading, I beg to know. I am sure I've urged and urged you to read them, and those new books, too. I do wish you would read 'Butler's Analogy;' and that 'Voices of Nature,' by Cheever, is well worth reading more than once."

"Yes, of course, you have urged me to read, but if I get a moment's time to read, it is, 'Here, mother, take your baby.' But it is not necessary that this should be so, and the end is come. In the first place, I have got through picking up fuel. You must see that there is plenty of wood prepared for the store."

"Wood! bless me! I am sure you can't have burned all the wood I cut this morning."

"I had baking and ironing to do, and have been obliged to bring chips twice from the ten acre lot."

"What makes you bake and iron in the same day, then, if it takes so much wood?"

"To save you work, Mr. Wilkins; because the weekly average required will be less; but I shall not do so again. Another thing, we must have a well dug, and a cistern for soft water put in. Every bucket I bring from the spring, consumes ten minutes, whereas it ought to be obtained in less than five. I bring at least four buckets a day, which amounts to twenty minutes, and in the six working days two hours. I intend to read in those two hours for the future."

Mr. Wilkins looked both astonished and convinced. "Well, mother, you are right. We ought to have a well, that's certain. I shall see John Lewis about it immediately. I did n't think, when I came here to live, that we should get along until this time without one; and I mean to put up a wood-house this fall, and in future we will have plenty of good, dry wood. We ought to have, that's a fact."

Mr. Wilkins was a "well-to-do" farmer in a small county township, and was one of that abounding class of persons who always mean to do right, and never get right done, and whose sins are very generally sins of omission. He would have been shocked at the charge of neglecting his wife, or of expecting too much from her. Mrs. Wilkins kept house, did all her own sewing, and took care of her two children without help; but all her neighbors did the same, and the idea of a healthy farmer's wife with only two children keeping a hired girl, was too extravagant to be indulged for a moment. Through the week, no one will find any difficulty in believing that there was little spare time for reading. The consequence was, that, whereas Mr. Wilkins not only knew what was being done in Congress, but in the legislatures of his own and neighboring States, and found time, also, to read articles on butter and cheese making, Mrs. Wilkins was, as she said, "clear behind the times," and was not only often exceedingly mortified, but she

often surprised and annoyed her husband by her ignorance.

Mr. Wilkins, ever since the day he brought his wife to his little home, had been saying every now and then, "Just as quick as planting is over, I will have that well dug;" and after planting, it was to be done "right away after harvest," and when harvest was over, he determined to secure the services of John Lewis "as soon as ever his grain was threshed," for the purpose. So the time passed, and yet the well, and the cistern which was to be made at the same time, were yet "joys of anticipation." Like most farmers about him, he brought his fuel to the door in logs, and there prepared it for the stove. It really seemed to him, that he could never get time to prepare on one day what would be needed until the next, and as his estimation of the needed quality was not always strictly correct, it so happened that not unfrequently Mrs. Wilkins was obliged to go about the field and collect chips, sticks, and barks to eke out the scanty supply.

"Well," said Mrs. Wilkins to herself, as she sat down by the cradle to mend her husband's socks. "Well, I suppose James thought I was dreadful cross at dinner to day, and so I was, to be sure. If he was poor, and could n't afford to make it easier for me, I would try to be patient; but as it is, I've done bringing water from that spring, and picking up wood. If it makes a family quarrel, I can't help it."

* * * * *

"My stars, mother! what is here?" called Mr. Wilkins from the gate before the house, two weeks after the above dinner-table scene. He had been away from home several days.

"Oh, James, have you come?" answered his wife. "Why, how you frighten me."

"Yes, I've come. But what does this mean? what have you been doing?"

"That! Oh, that's a well of about

the best water you ever tasted. Let me give you a drink," and a moment after she placed in his hand a goblet sparkling with a nectar purer and sweeter "than Jupiter sips."

"Delicious, that's a fact," said Mr. Wilkins, as he drained the cup the second time, and dismounted from his horse. "But what on earth have you been having that done while I was away, for?"

"Why, you see the article you mentioned in the *Tribune*, says that butter to keep good ought to be first thoroughly washed in good, clear, cold water. I've taken to reading, you see."

Mr. Wilkins laughed. "Well, you will have it to pay for now. I shall make quite a speculation. I was going to get John Lewis to do it myself right away after harvest," and Mr. Wilkins laughed again — quite triumphantly this time.

"Oh, he's paid," answered his wife, quietly, as she took the county paper from her husband's pocket, and demurely commenced reading aloud.

"Paid! how? do tell."

"I've sold the cream-colored colt."

"Who to? What did you get?"

"To Mr. Blair, and I got ninety-five dollars right on the spot. Here is the balance of the money."

"Jerusalem!" Mr. Wilkins never allowed himself to swear — never. "Good gracious, Hannah! Blair offered me a hundred only last week."

"Did he? Five dollars lost by that woman's bargain then. But here is an article in this paper, signed 'Rachel.' The writer thinks butter ought never to be washed. What shall we do with the well in that case?"

Mr. Wilkins really wanted to be angry, and scold a little; but in the first place, he was not in the habit of scolding his wife; and in the second place, he saw plainly that she was, on the whole, rather ahead of him in the game, and that the best policy would be to laugh at the whole affair, "For," said he, "sure enough,

we never could live in a family quarrel."

The next day, the services of John Lewis were again brought into requisition, and a cistern for soft water was added to the water facilities of the house. The wood-pile was handsomely replenished, and the family quarrel hid its deformed head in dismay; and Mr. Wilkins really thought Hannah was about right, when she said he was the best husband in the world, and dear little Jimmy grew pretty every day, and looked more and more like his father; whereupon he took the young gentleman in his arms, and held him for the space of half an hour, and thought Hannah a model wife, as she read aloud a part of Gerrit Smith's last speech.

Thus things went on swimmingly for two or three weeks, when one unlucky morning John, the hired man, "left down the bars," and some colts found their way into the thriving field of young oats. In the hurry and confusion consequent upon this untoward circumstance, the wood was forgotten, for Mr. Wilkins had already fallen back into the old habit of preparing the wood for the day's use in the morning. But the baby was asleep, and the mother in a forgiving spirit. So she tied on her sun bonnet, and with a large basket on her arm, made her way to the aforementioned ten-acre lot, from whence she brought, by means of two or three journeys thither, sufficient fuel for the morning.

"An hour wasted," said she, glancing at the clock. "There is money left from the sale of that colt which would pay for preparing several cords of wood," and at dinner, this plan was duly proposed to the man of the house.

"Why, yes, it would be good plan enough," he made answer; "but I shall have a wood-house built this fall, and then it must be well-filled, and that will end the trouble, I hope."

Mrs. Wilkins remembered the

advanced age of this stereotype promise, and to tell the truth, rather lacked faith. Alas! how naturally one sin leads to another.

The next day, the wood was again forgotten, and Mr. Wilkins renewed his promise of a wood-house "that very fall." For the two weeks following numerous were the journeys to the ten-acre lot.

"Well, this is comfortable!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, as he threw himself into an arm-chair before a most inviting-looking boiled dinner. If there was any one particular dish Mr. Wilkins "did admire," it was this very "boiled dish;" and here it was, pork, cabbage, beets, parsnips, carrots, and potatoes. Mr. Wilkins drew his knife across the pork, and then drew it across the steel. "What ails this knife? Why, mother, your meat is n't done."

"Is n't it? I'm sorry. I'm sure it has been over the stove long enough to be done."

Mr. Wilkins set his fork firmly against a potatoe; it took leave of the plate in a contrary direction from that expected. Mr. Wilkins looked annoyed. "That potatoe is hard as a rock."

"Oh, no! they have been in the kettle half an hour."

Mr. Wilkins tried a parsnip, it was almost raw, and cold at that. "Jerusalem!" He essayed to taste a beet; it was no better. "My stars, mother! what does all this mean?"

"What! Does n't this dinner suit you?"

"Suit me! Bless you, woman! It is as raw as if it never smelled the fire!"

"Possible! I'm sure it was all over the stove in good season, and it *must* be done. I've used all the wood."

Mr. Wilkins had a slight suspicion, and going to the stove, he found no signs of a fire. He examined what ought to have been the wood-pile; there was neither vestige nor rem-

nant, and by the time he was back in the house, he comprehended the whole affair, the more perfectly as Mrs. Wilkins informed him that Bayard Taylor's last letter was more than usually interesting. She had just been reading it. Mrs. Wilkins had read the paper instead of picking up wood. She and the hired man were quietly making their dinners of tempting-looking bread and milk.

Mr. Wilkins said nothing, but patiently and submissively prepared a bowl of the same for himself, after which he took a nap, and read the aforementioned letter.

That evening he was served with milk and water, instead of tea; but early the next morning, a man with ax and saw appeared, and the huge logs were metamorphosed into tempting-looking stove-wood.

That fall Mr. Wilkins built a wood-house, the ten-acre lot was ploughed, and the rubbish burned in heaps out of doors; but Mrs. Wilkins always has plenty of good, cold water in the well, soft water in the cistern, and wood in the wood-house, and reads the newspapers.

DOES AFFECTION NEED PROOFS?

BEING in company with a few friends not long since, an elderly gentleman spoke rather boastingly of his love for his wife. He, being very much in the habit of making such remarks, was called on to prove it, as the Scriptures teach us, "We should love not in word only, but in deed and in truth."

He very readily replied, "Do I not provide things necessary to eat, drink, and to wear?"

Well, I thought, surely that is a better evidence than some can give, who think they give ample proof of affection, by allowing a wife to work to the extent of her strength, waiting upon boarders, sewing, or any thing she can find to do that will support

an idle companion and helpless children. I have heard such boast of love for their wives, though they never tried to lighten their burdens, or cheer them with kind words.

So you might go down to the beastly drunkard, and few of the different classes would say they did not love their wives. But I asked myself, "Can a true, loving wife be quite satisfied with such evidence?" Not while she looks at a life of self-sacrifice for the good of her husband, and in return, meets only selfishness and neglect, herself, when alone with him, met with sour looks, and often cruel words, while she sees others meet with the most complaisant smiles, and little acts of kind attention, that would be so life giving to her drooping spirits. Can such a man imagine he loves his wife?

I should sooner think he had yet to learn what the term love meant, although he provides his wife with food and clothing. Oh! stop to-day and think, for your wife has a mind as well as body, and remembers with tearful eyes the time she left a weeping mother whose love for her never wavered, and a home where her wants were anticipated. Did she expect nothing but food and clothing in return for leaving her home endearments, and giving herself, with her undying love, to be your companion while life lasted? Yes, she justly expected you would love her as well in after years as you professed to then in the freshness of youth. Then she could not have believed you would ever have made such a heartless remark.

Oh! there are many, who, "if in this life only had hope, would of all flesh be most miserable." But such should not indulge in useless repinings, but rather be grateful for the many blessings they enjoy, and remember they have a never-failing friend above, who is ready to comfort and do them good, if they go to Him with penitent, believing hearts; and as they desire forgiveness from their

Heavenly Father, so they must freely forgive others.

Can we find no better picture of conjugal felicity on earth? Certainly we can. There are those who are indeed "one in Christ Jesus,"—their united affections placed on things above. Each sensible of their own weakness, and ready to bear each others burdens, expecting to meet at the judgment, they feel it is only through faith they can do right, so they may answer in the affirmative, when asked if they have well fulfilled the relative duties on earth? This may look like a dark picture to some, but there is not a subject for a brighter one this side heaven. They feel that their union is eternal, and are helping each other prepare for their happy home above. Their united sympathies go out after every object of pity around them. Cheerfulness and content are ever in their home; they need no proof of love, for every look and act establish the fact; they look forward to that eternal estate of existence where they expect to wander together o'er undying verdure, gathering for each other the ever-ripening fruit of those beautiful trees growing on the banks of the River of Life; whose waters gather brightness, not from the light of the sun, but from the glory of His countenance who is the light of their blessed abode. With such hopes, they are prepared happily to meet all the ills of life. Such a life is possible for all. Oh! that the young would commence right, then would their last days be their best days, and, at last, their rest would be glorious. C.

MANHOOD AND OLD AGE.

BY SUSAN E. WICKHAM.

DEAR readers, ere I proceed with the conclusion of my subject, suffer me to indulge my feelings for a few moments. Fond mother, since I last addressed you through the columns of "THE HOME," a great change

has been wrought in my domestic circle! That little form which prompted the few thoughts I threw out upon the subject of Babies, has gone from my embrace—been transplanted to a more congenial clime. Yes, that little bud of promise, which I had so fondly hoped would be spared me, has been taken to bloom around the throne of Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," etc.

Fond mother, I feel I have your sympathy, but unless you have been called to pass through like afflictions, you know not how great a loss I am called to mourn; but I will not repine, but endeavor to learn to kiss the rod submissively. I will here insert a few verses kindly presented to me by a friend, for it may chance to soothe the feelings of some kind reader, who, like myself, has been called to part with a loved one.

"And is thy lovely shadow fled —
Yet stop those fruitless tears;
His form a thousand pangs is freed,
You, from a thousand tears.

Though lost, he's lost to earth alone,
Above he will be found,
Amidst the stars and near the throne
Which babes like him surround.

Look upward, and your child you'll see
Fixed in his blessed abode;
What parent would not childless be,
To give a child to God?"

Pardon me for claiming your attention so long, and now, with your permission, I will proceed with my subject, which, in a former number, I have taken through the stages of infancy and youth, bringing me now to the conclusion, manhood and old age. The different stages of man's life have been beautifully compared to the several seasons of the year. Manhood the harvest of life, old age the winter. We only look for a bountiful harvest, and a winter of plenty, when the spring and summer have been favorable. And hence, if infancy and youth be properly guarded and cultivated, as we have stated in former numbers, we may expect, mothers, a manhood of usefulness. Then you will begin to reap the reward of your labor. Whatever station he

may be called to occupy, he will fill it with grace and honor. If his country demands his service in the legislative halls, or in other posts of trust, dignity and strict integrity will mark his pathway. Filthy lucre will never swerve him from the path of duty and honor. Popularity may throw out all her allurements, and sing him the song of fame, but his ear is deaf to her entreaties; he has his eye upon the mark—his country's good—and he marches onward with faithful steps, turning neither to the right nor left. And thus we shall behold him in all his avocations of life actuated by the same noble and generous motive. He is neither haughty nor selfish; wealth is not his god, he worships at a far higher shrine. The poor and needy are not forgotten, the sick and afflicted are sought and administered to by his own hands, deeming it no disgrace to be found in the abode of want and misery. And many the poor unfortunate outcast whom he has pointed to the paths of virtue, and encouraged to walk therein. Many a culprit's heart has been melted under his kind rebuke and instructions. And thus he moves onward, rendering himself useful in every path of life, thereby answering the great end of his existence.

And finally, when he comes to the winter of life, when his head has become white with the frosts of many years, and he can no longer discharge those active duties of life, when that form once so strong and manly, is trembling and tottering upon the verge of the grave, and memory calls to mind the many scenes of his life, then will he be comforted, and his heart gladdened at every corner by some recipient of his kindness, who will arise to call him blessed, rendering his last days indeed his best days; and finally, at the close of his earthly career, be able to say with an apostle, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory eternal in the heavens."

A SKETCH.

BY "MINNIE."

GENTLE and lovely spring was gracefully unfolding numerous robes of beauty, and gradually and magically restoring to former splendor the elegant ornaments of Nature that had long slept withered and seared in the cold embrace of winter. Like a lovely enchantress, it was captivating the imaginative soul of man, and causing his heart-strings to vibrate in unison with Nature's anthem. But alas! there was *one* whose heart seemed to sadden rather than rejoice at spring's fascinating allurements.

In yon quiet grave-yard was a lovely, fair, and beauty-waning maiden strewing flowers upon a new-made grave. She possessed a mind susceptible of imbibing and appreciating the works of Nature, and had been wont to rejoice in their beauty. But *now* she seemed unmindful of the beautiful panorama spread out before her view, and regardless of the gentle zephyrs that fanned her brow, and lifted lightly the silken tresses of her sunny hair from her pale forehead. Oh! what could have wrought so great a change in that animated being? Ah! the idolized, the chosen companion of her life lay in the cold and silent grave at her feet.

It was one of those lovely days in autumn "when the heart is gladdened with the departing beauty of nature," he bade us adieu, and departed to his western home, promising to return again in the spring. Never shall I forget the night we received the sad intelligence of his death; it came a gloomy shadow, dispelling all sunshine from our hearts. He had died in that distant land, and not one of those who loved him to watch over him, or administer to his wants. Oh! could we have known he was sick, nothing could have carried us *too soon* to his dying bed-side. But alas! we knew it not. We could not hear him calling in his delirium for some near and dear one from the home cir-

cle. We were not with him in his last hours of earthly communion when he awoke to consciousness, endeavored to speak, and could not, but cast his eyes upward, pointed toward heaven, and soon his gentle spirit wafted an adieu to the joys and sorrows of earth, that it might soar away 'mid realms of eternal bliss.

A large circle of mourning friends that he had acquired in his short absence, followed him to his grave. And when spring came, he was returned to those who were most near and dear to him on earth. But oh, how changed from what we last had seen him! That manly form that we had been wont to greet, full of life and activity, was lying cold and lifeless beneath the white shroud folds and coffin lid. Death has closed those sparkling eyes, and hushed forever that musical voice. She whom he was to lead in bridal garments to the altar, followed him in habiliments of mourning to the tomb. Her love —

"It came, a sunbeam on a blasted flower."

It is no wonder her heart saddened, her cheek grew pale, and her eyes were dimmed with tears, for all her happy anticipations for the future were crushed by the stern, unyielding reality. But "such is life!" We look forward to the future, anticipating great joys, and ere we can realize them, they are banished away like the morning dew before the rising sun.

A HINT OR TWO ABOUT HOMES.

IF one could be certain of a long life, it would be easy to choose between the temptation to purchase a home already provided with well-grown trees and shrubbery, and the wish to create one that should represent the taste and industry of the owner. The satisfaction of seeing things *grow into our possession* day by day, and the interest — far beyond

that of mere legal proprietorship — we feel in what our own, or our ancestors' care and labor have brought to yield us comfort and enjoyment — in the house that first spread its roof to shelter us and our kindred, in the roses that have bloomed for no other eyes than ours, and the trees that have ripened their fruits for us alone — these, and other like considerations, which we can easily call up by the aid of imagination, if experience does not suggest them, must always enter largely into a canvass of the question whether it is more desirable to *buy* a home, or to *make* one. But, since life is so uncertain, and at best, so short, it is no wonder that, where practicable, many forego the pleasure of fashioning their own houses, and embellishing them with their favorite flowers and foliage, adopting, instead, houses that have been built, and trees and vines that have been planted and tended by other hands. However well-filled a yard or garden may be, one can always find, or make room for his special pets, and use and daily association with certain surroundings, soon create a home-feeling in any place.

In making up a dwelling, persons of the best judgment are liable to commit errors, which they do not detect till they come to inhabit it, and then, so far as the construction of the house is concerned, these faults are often such as can not be remedied without a total alteration of the plan. But the great modern vice of house building, especially in the country, is that people put up houses, which, on coming to occupy, they think are too good for them to live in. Examples of this folly are to be found in every neighborhood. The traveler will observe, as he passes through the country, large, handsome edifices, evidently built at considerable expense, and seemingly designed for elegant and commodious residences; but if he inquires for the inmates, he too often finds them living in exile in the cook-room and wood-house. Our

house building needs thorough reformation. It should be an especial study to make that portion of the house intended for every-day use, pleasant and convenient. If there must be a small, ill-ventilated room, let it be devoted to occasional use, and let the large, airy apartments be the common living and sleeping rooms of the family. If there are to be two stair-cases, one broad and straight, the other narrow and winding, let them be in their comparative amounts of travel, like the two roads spoken of in the lines usually sung to the tune of Windham; though different as to their respective terminations, if, indeed, both do not lead to pleasant quarters; and if the occasional traveler of the difficult ascent, find a disagreeable, unwholesome region at the top, let him determine to avoid a similar place when he comes to build *his* house.

Instances sometimes come under our observation of people selecting the site of a dwelling years before they are prepared to build, yet doing nothing to improve the grounds, nor even planting a tree to shade the house when it shall be finished. Others, who mean to repair their houses, apparently thinking that any thing is good enough for them while they live in the old shell, with strange economy neglect the cultivation of fine fruit and ornamental trees, vines, shrubs and flowers, till the house that they think is worthy to be surrounded by these things, stands ready to be decorated. This is subjecting oneself to unwise and unnecessary privation of what can be enjoyed as well in humble as in more prosperous conditions of living; and, since the time needed to bring trees, vines, etc., to their perfection of shade, flower and fruit, is their principal cost to the cultivator, he pays an extravagant price who postpones, year after year, the planting of them. The true policy is to begin at once such improvements as require years before they can yield use and enjoyment. When

the contemplated new house is built, the owner may enter upon the occupancy of it without delay, and it at once becomes to him all, in a physical sense, that it ever can. Not so with the garden and orchard. After trees are planted, much time must elapse before they fulfill their promise of fruit and shade, to compensate the toil of the planter; a tree can not become full-grown in a single season, as a house usually does, and adding to the period that must elapse between planting and fruiting, an indefinite prefatory season of meaning to set out trees when every thing else is done, involves a kind of double waiting; the latter and necessary term of which, can be passed in comparative contentment and satisfaction, because spent in substantial and constantly increasing expectation, while the former, so far as the realization of fruit is concerned, is mere idle, useless, spiritless delay.

There is a very general lack of knowledge among farmers concerning the nicer parts of gardening, and, besides, the press of farm-work is so great in spring and summer, that the garden usually receives very little attention. These facts suggest the propriety of establishing among us schools of horticulture; the pupils to be taught practically all branches of common and ornamental gardening, with the object to qualify them to earn a livelihood by their skill, and to disseminate amongst the rural population generally, such instruction concerning their art, as can not easily be gained by mere theoretical teaching. The country might afford abundant encouragement to as many accomplished gardeners, as several such schools could turn out. Indeed, a skillful gardener would doubtless, find pretty constant employment in nearly every thickly-settled neighborhood, to the advantage of himself and community. The impulse which the influence of such a class would naturally give to amateur gardening, besides cultivating the taste of the

people, would do much toward increasing the attachment of the young to their homes. If farmers who wish to keep their sons with them, would encourage them to plant trees, and make other improvements about the homestead, instead of, in effect, teaching them to regard it as of use only to make money out of, they would less often be left alone in old age. If one had done but little toward beautifying his home, and making it a pleasanter spot, that little would embitter the necessity of leaving it. Who would not sadly resign to a stranger the ownership of the trees and vines his hands had planted?

We have come to attach a very narrow meaning to the terms *useful* and *beautiful*, or *ornamental*. The idea seems to be, that *useful* is properly applied only to such things as contribute to the support of animal life—things that are necessary to be eaten, drank, or worn, and that this quality of usefulness excludes all character of ornament. On the other hand, we distinguish as *ornamental*, objects, or qualities of objects, calculated to give pleasure, rather than to afford the means of living, and to such we deny the merit of usefulness. The impression prevails, that in so far as a thing is useful, it is not ornamental, and *vice versa*. But, whatever is beautiful, whether it be a face, a picture, a song, a flower, or a jewel, is, by its very power of giving pleasure, useful. Man was not made to live by bread alone; his sense of seeing, and his capacity of receiving pleasure through sight, are as worthy of gratification as his craving for agreeable food; so, too, the delight afforded by harmonious sounds, and the satisfaction experienced by smelling sweet odors, are among the purest pleasures we enjoy; and, as their tendency is to elevate and refine, they are eminently deserving the praise of usefulness. Again, the useful is often, in respect to the very things in which its usefulness consists, highly ornamental. Is not a tree,

loaded with fine golden or crimson fruit in autumn, as truly beautiful as one whose only merit is its good looks? And is not a vine filled with purple, depending clusters of grapes, as pleasing to the eye as another covered with blossoms? If apple, pear, peach, and plum trees produced fruit good only to be looked at, they would universally be cultivated for ornament. In keeping with these ideas of inconsistency of beauty and utility, is the notion that only the rare is worthy of admiration: A taste governed by this circumstance of scarcity and difficulty of attainment, would wonder how poets, usually supposed to be the most fastidious of mortals, could find beauty in any thing so common as hollyhocks; yet, we are told that Wordsworth was very partial to them, and had long rows of them planted near his dwelling.

Nothing looks more dismal and hopeless than to see people lay aside all plans of improvement, because they are growing old. Even a middle-aged man, especially if not enjoying sound health, may think there is but little inducement of a merely selfish nature, for him to make important changes in his farm, orchard, or garden, and if he impose such a task on himself, he is apt to think well of his benevolence and disinterestedness in taking so much trouble for others. But if he will look about, he will find now and then a heroic gray-haired person of twice his years, expecting to realize the fruits of recent kindred labors. And who knows but this very expectation of living tends to prolong life? Is it merely for romantic effect, that poets and novelists, when they have occasion to introduce a character of the horticultural profession, invariably style him the *old gardener*? Poets are understood to be persons of the deepest insight, and do they not see that the many and constantly increasing interests, connected with youthful vegetable life, that claim the attention of the cultivator of fruits and flowers,

serve to keep both mind and body active and vigorous; that a daily view of the prosperous coming forward of the objects of his care, keeps alive the expectation of seeing them reach perfection; and that death reluctantly disappoints such hopes? If, then, we are not generous enough to undertake improvements for others' benefit, let us do it as a means of prolonging our own lives; let us, if we would live long, do something each year, or, if possible, each day, the issue of which we may have in anticipation; let us, as long as we live, plant trees and vines, and study books, as if we were just beginning life, and had the prospect of many years before us.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*.

A HEALTH EDUCATION.

WE have schools and seminaries for the education of our people in all sciences, except the Science of Life, and in all arts, except the Art of Living. And yet this science and this art are more important than any other — than all others.

The first and greatest want of every human being is the perfect use of every bodily function and mental power. Without this, there is no real happiness, no normal capacity, no natural development, no true selfhood.

We say, then, that schools in which the young could be thoroughly instructed in all the laws of hygiene, could be made fully acquainted with all the causes and conditions of disease, and could be taught how to avoid them, as well as how to overcome their effects when accidentally incurred, and in which the lessons inculcated would be commended by example and practically enforced, so that the pupils should become accustomed to and established in good habits, would do more in redeeming society from its vices, and crimes, and miseries, than we would dare to intimate, lest

we be suspected of fanaticism or extravagance.

It is a melancholy fact, that a majority of our boarding-school girls are miserable specimens of health. We can not think of them as wives and mothers without associating the chilling reflection of morbid sensitiveness, aches and pains, nurses and apothecaries, doctors and — doctors' bills.

And our college-bred young men have nothing on this score to boast of. A majority of them have infirmity and exhausted vitality enstamped upon the entire organization. We can never look forward to the time when they will be husbands and fathers, without being saddened with the apprehension of puny offspring and a degenerating race.

Our medical schools ought to take the lead in this matter. Each institution for the manufacture of doctors, ought to have a well-endowed professorship of health. Hygiene should be as thoroughly taught as is anatomy, pathology, or therapeutics. Doctors ought to be conservators of health as well as curers of disease.

There are some indications that medical men are beginning to see this matter in its true light. The admission of females into some of the medical schools has done something, and will eventually do much in calling attention to this subject; for woman is more of a conservator of health than man.

These suggestions, as we have already intimated, are of the simplest kind, which every person can understand and adopt. Their importance can not be over-estimated. The whole subject of physiology is one of the greatest importance, and no man should be ignorant in relation to the structure of his system, and the proper use of its functions.—*Life Illustrated*.

"A MAN may suffer without sinning, but he can not sin without suffering."

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

FROM your children's earliest infancy, you must inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them any thing unless you believe that you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell your child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them see that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great one, should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time, what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

"You'll fail if you try," said a friend to a neighbor, who was contemplating the accomplishment of some important object.

"I shall certainly fail if I don't try," replied he.

What was ever obtained by *not* trying? Try, then, if you may, for worthy objects, and fail if you *must*, in trying.

GHOSTS.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

PEOPLE in this enlightened age ignore the existence of ghosts entirely; but, like many other strange things that are scouted because unaccountable, they do exist nevertheless.

There was the Hon. Peter Niffin, who raised a vision of his mother to dazzle his poor wife with the glory of her marvelous cookery and other household virtues. The meek Mrs. Peter Niffin feared the ghost of the elder Mrs. Niffin, as it was supported by her august husband over the failure of a pudding, or an overdone joint of mutton, more than ever you or I trembled at the creaking of a door, or the rattle of a blind when our husbands *wouldn't* waken at our attack of the fidgets.

But of all ghost conjurors, my neighbor Mrs. Rattle was the most successful. Unfortunately for the peace of Mr. Rattle, there had been a previous possessor of his wife's affections. In other words, she had a "first husband" with which to awe the second into various unreasonable indulgences, besides silencing him in the incipient stages of a request, which Mrs. Rattle foresaw, and did not choose to entertain. She had a happy faculty (to herself) of reciting in order the first husband's virtues, real and manufactured, which quite humiliated Mr. Rattle with the consciousness of his lack of corresponding traits of character. Indeed, the poor man often acknowledged to his wife that he was unworthy of one who had been the beloved of such an embodiment of goodness. During divers repetitions of the last mentioned scene, a close observer could have detected a lack of sincerity in Mr. Rattle's countenance, while the humility of Mrs. Rattle kept her eyes on a ring which she twisted about on her third finger, and which said act often, indeed, I might say, always, preceded the raising of the first husband's ghost. Sometimes this trifling with the ring

(it was no *trifle* to poor Rattle) was sufficient to exorcise the spirit of rebellion in the breast of husband Number Two; but sometimes nothing less than an application of the handkerchief to her eyes, with the ring perfectly visible outside, and a convulsive exclamation — the peculiar intonations of which, practice had made perfect —

"My poor — eh — dead — eh — husband — eh — would — eh — have indulged me — eh — in such a — eh — trifle — eh! eh! eh!"

Then stood the ghost, the guarding, avenging ghost, before the eyes of Mr. Rattle, and Mr. Rattle was subdued. He may in his sinful moments have wished that he might be shaken in Number Three's face in like manner; but the ghost of Number One prevented an audible expression of his desire. If the domestic arrangements at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Rattle did not please the *nominal* head of the family, his remonstrances or suggestions were met with, "My poor, dear dead husband would not have noticed *such* trifles," which argument quite puzzled Mr. Rattle, as smaller evils were guarded against by this same household defunct, provided they annoyed the wife.

A slight defect in Mr. Rattle's character was the auxesis of his predecessor, the thousand fold magnifier of his virtues. Indeed, so ever-present seemed the first husband, that the second felt it to be an aura which he breathed into his very soul, and gulphed down with his toast and coffee. He felt that himself and his possessions were merely appendices to the glorious first, and that his appointed mission was to carry into execution that same dead gentleman's unexpressed desires. Now this position did not quite suit Mr. Rattle, and he racked his wits at all hours of the day and night to find some lawful means to crush his ghostly rival and ruler. What his brains failed to do, fate did for him. If any little lack of foresight put the amiable wife to

trouble, the caution and precaution of the ghost, when in the body, served for an eulogium more eloquent than agreeable to the living, feeling, tangible husband. These eulogiums, so oft repeated, so enlarged, so unsatisfactory to the listener, at last ceased. It happened after this wise.

The first husband made his will, and his great love for his wife had left her his all unconditionally. It was a pretty estate, and when Mr. Rattle went wooing the widow, he offered, as a proof of his unselfishness, that she should remain in her own house; but she, to be equal with him in generosity, (and remembering the rent would be her own pin money,) refused, and said she would remove to his old homestead. Of course, this proof of affection was satisfactory to the suitor.

A year after the marriage, Mrs. Rattle hinted, in a delicate way, that all men should make their wills. The law did not provide as it should for woman; and men who loved their wives were careful to arrange their worldly affairs in time of health. Whether Rattle was superstitious, and thought he would die sooner for the proceeding, or whether he was simply stubborn, and would n't write his will, is at present unknown to the narrator of this family history. The next time the subject was brought up, the ghost came with it. Its forethought, its affection, its manifold goodness, as usual, humiliated the man *in* the body, and I am sure, astonished the one *out* of it, if he was within hearing distance. I doubt if he was, however. The speaker warmed; the ring was twirled; the handkerchief applied, and the pathetic practiced with more talent histrionic, than effect upon her one audience. Never had Mrs. Rattle been so pathetic — never had Mr. Rattle been so stoical. She was astonished at him, and he was astonished at himself. She was wondering what she *could* do next, and he was wondering what she *would* do next. She grew more and more

eloquent, and he remained silent, unsubdued, frozen. The ghost flashed in the glory thrown about him by the vivid imagination of the woman he left behind him, but Rattle seemed for the first time invulnerable; the moment for rebellion had come — she might as well have delivered her heroics in Sanscrit.

The letters for the morning were brought in, and, to Mrs. Rattle's astonishment, he was cool enough to open them and read. This was too much, and a touch of hysterics must subdue him. Before she could arrange herself properly for a change in the programme, Mr. Rattle was attacked with something similar to her intentions, only they were of the merry sort. He quieted his exuberance of spirit long enough to read aloud a notice of the coming foreclosure of a mortgage given by husband Number One previous to his marriage, and which covered the supposed earthly possession willed so affectionately to his wife.

Mrs. Rattle did not faint — she did not weep; she only read and re-read the notice till the truth grew into her comprehension, and then she rose, drew off the ring, laid it upon the grate, and said — nothing.

Henceforth Number Two had sole possession of his house; his wife was reasonable, nay, affectionate, and the ghost came no more forever. The will was written, but Mrs. Rattle did not know it, nor did she inquire. One will sufficed her, and one husband ruled, or was ruled according to the occasion, with less effort than when there were two, one in the body and one out.

There are ghost raisers, male and female, who frighten poor fallible creatures with the wonderful goodness of the dead. It is well that we forget the sins of the departed, but it is not well to discourage the living by giving them an example impossible to follow. Living children are made to believe that the perfection of the family was buried under the green sod,

and they cease trying to reach the most unattainable. All holy memories, all beautiful devotion to the "gone before," but let them rest. Don't recount unbelievable histories of them with the lips or chisel, for such as have been, will be. He who penned the wicked line,

"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie,"

probably had similar experience to Mr. Rattle.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

A LARGE, two-story mansion stood on an eminence which commanded a fine prospect of harvests, meadows, and forest trees, while in the distance was the segment of a lake, over whose glassy surface sail-boats came and went with the breezes. Not far in the distance was a still larger house, the home of many. It had been originally of cheap, red color, which the sun and storm of twenty-five years had nearly obliterated. Its windows were very liberal in number, but in size, little larger than the entrance to a pigeon-cote; adding to the comfort and appearance of now and then one, was a faded curtain or paper shade bearing some queer, uncouth device. In the surrounding yard might be seen groups of children differing in externals and intelligence; men and women representing various degrees of satisfaction, going out and in as labor or inclination directed.

Passing up the broad-paved walk that led to the portentous-looking house on the hill, you saw the name of Judge Wells upon the door-plate, and, if it chanced to be near mid-day, you might be sure his hat and silver-headed cane occupied the hat tree, and his ponderous, good-humored body the sofa. During this time of rest, his after-dinner nap excepted, the judge usually read the news of the day, miscellaneous, political, and re-

igious; his theory on the latter subject, however, was rather dubious, and the practical part he turned over to his wife, believing that as by woman sin came into the world, *she* must be the scapegoat to bear away the sins of the people, or, in some other way, come between man and the law. It is true, this doctrine hardly satisfied Mr. Wells, and sometimes it troubled him, but not very often, of late. Possibly this circumstance of double responsibility lay at the foundation of Mrs. Wells' Christian character, which was acknowledged so praiseworthy by all, but probably not.

Illness had confined Mrs. Wells to her chamber for some weeks. "I will lie down now," said she to the nurse, in her kind, pleasant manner; and the nurse laid a little bundle in the crib, re-arranged the bed, etc.

"Feel any worse, wife?" said the judge, coming up to the invalid's room after his nap; so saying, he drank a glass of ice water, seated himself by the bed-side, and with a palm leaf kept all the contraband flies at a respectful distance for a half hour or less.

By this time he had a call from the sitting-room to see a gentleman who had just patented an improved cornsheller. As the judge was a noted agriculturist, and quite influential, he was just the one to set the ball in motion, even if the machine must be sold at half price. His residence was first complimented, (according to the usual formula,) his influence and judgment modestly hinted at between several glasses of iced lemonade, which transferred speedily the warmth and glow of the outer to the inner man.

His horse and carriage were soon driven to the barn, as he would remain till morning, and after a pleasant chat (in which the machinist agreed, all things considered, to leave the cornsheller for a trifling sum,) the two gentlemen took a stroll over the farm.

In the meantime, Mrs. Wells had a call—Emma, her daughter, came up with two women coarsely clad. One, a middle-aged German, though prematurely old from toil and care, had brought, in her simple heartedness, a couple of oranges for Mrs. Wells. They had been procured at a country store a mile distant in exchange for paper-rags which she had been weeks gleaning.

"They be so cooling to your mouth, I thought," said she, in reference to the fruit, with glistening eyes.

"Yes, they will, but you keep one of them, Margaret, for —"

"No! no!" was the almost imperative reply; "dey both yourn; I got so much tings von here, you must keep 'em."

"Well, they'll be very nice; but I'm sorry you went to the store when it was so warm."

"No, no, I not much tired."

The other woman was younger and delicately formed. The contour of her face was strikingly fine; but her flesh was thin and sallow, her dark, mysterious eyes unnaturally large, and their mournfulness the long, drooping lashes tried in vain to hide. Her coarse clothing befitted her illy, and her constrained manner, her dejected air, gave to her the appearance of one wrested from her true sphere.

Ah, what compulsory circumstance had been her foe! what sorrow, like an immovable weight, had well nigh crushed the life-blood from her heart! Abstracted and taciturn, she revealed nothing.

Emma, after conducting the callers to her mother's room, had returned to practicing. The light piano music floated into the sick chamber, at which the baby tossed its hands in unquiet slumber; the eyes of the German woman twinkled merrily, and the pale, slender girl sat fixedly with hands folded tightly across her bosom, and compressed lips, as if to keep down a strong, rising tide.

"Eunice, would you like to go in and hear Emma play? if you

would go," said Mrs. Wells to the latter.

"Now, Eunice, do n't you want to learn to play?" asked Emma, in her father's jocose manner.

She rose from the stool and Eunice sat down. After a little practice, her well-trained fingers ran over the keys as if by magic. Life and feeling lit up her features, and her rich, pathetic notes were like the plaint of an impassioned minstrel yearning for home, or country, or friends.

"Broke is the goblet, and wasted the wine," uttered she, low and pathetically, as if a reason why hope should never return, or clouded splendors never shine forth.

Laura Halbert (for that was the girl's true name) was a Canadian by birth, and, but a year and a half before, the acknowledged leader of a gay circle in the city of T. . . . Mr. Halbert was a wealthy merchant, and his two daughters had enjoyed superior advantages. Laura had just finished her school education, and was soon to visit relatives at the south in company with her father. Mr. Halbert was a native of one of the southern States; when young, the prestige of his family suffered somewhat from pecuniary embarrassments; his predilections were in favor of the free States, and receiving a few hundred dollars with a port-manteau and horse, he sat out for the north, and did not locate, until he stood within the queen's dominions.

In the course of two or three years he married an English girl, hale, riant, and rosy. Her fortune, added to his own, finely established the young merchant. He was prudent and sagacious in business, a man of high honor and integrity, of decision and will; and the years fled by, enlarging his stores and increasing his gains.

But their domestic happiness was sometimes intruded upon by business on his part, or pleasure on that of the others. Mr. Halbert's affections, like still water, were deep, though sometimes frozen over. Mrs. Halbert's

vivacity and good-humor were the best agents in breaking up this ice, which, after a little, disappeared or floated away. However, it was a sad truth, that their hearts were not sufficiently welded by love, nor sufficiently trustful in that divine feeling which flows to us-ward from God.

Early in the winter season, at one of the first entertainments given, a young Englishman, calling himself Monmouth, managed to be one of the guests. He was of a graceful port, and his manner of communicating was remarkably easy and felicitous. A close observer would notice that he was one of those persons who pick up knowledge easily, and seem to know much of what they know but little; yet the same observer would laugh heartily at the spicy jokes, and declare that his "racy remarks were quite to the point."

Himself and a friend occupied a suite of rooms at one of the first hotels in the city. (The manners of his friend were less facile than his own, hence he felt more at home in the bar than sitting-room.) Monmouth was reputed rich, and circumstances went to confirm the statement. Quite naturally his attentions inspired giddy, young girls, and romantic young ladies, with love, or some undefinable feeling akin to love.

In Laura's manners to the stranger there was at first a haughty reserve, though under the indifferent exterior, admiration was giving birth to love. Her fascinations, without art or diplomacy, wrought wonderfully upon the foreigner's feelings, and ere long he pleaded earnestly that his hopes might be realized. Laura was young and inexperienced, and Monmouth seemed the ideal of her dreams.

He became an ardent and enthusiastic lover. Her type of beauty was truly Hellenic, he affirmed; such a classic brow, such eyes—mysterious, changeful, and glorious! "I can not interpret their language," said he; "sometimes there is a strong, yearning light, then they are cold and defi-

ant, and oh! blissful thought, sometimes every glance is a poem of love; my soul thrills with exquisite joy—the echos reverberate and cease, but their memory is bliss."

The chalice held to Laura's lips was filled to the brim with a brilliant but counterfeited nectar.

In the meantime, certain reports derogating the character of Mr. Monmouth began to circulate. It was said, that according to the true English custom, he placed each night under his pillow the miniature of a "fair lady," cased in gold, and guarded by pistols. (The chambermaid, whose full measure of curiosity took advantage of Monmouth's forgetfulness, had brought the truth to light.) His valet also affirmed confidentially that he had a wife and two children elsewhere.

The injured gentleman, taking the position defensive, repudiated skillfully every onslaught of an unjust public.

But Mr. and Mrs. Halbert became convinced that his character was other than what it should be. Mr. Halbert met his daughter with a cold, unbending, undemonstrative manner. Plain, unsavory truths had been followed with a stern interdict against Monmouth's future visits, Laura was unmoved to outward appearance, and her father in a decidedly unhappy frame of mind.

"Is it possible," said he, with a little more feeling, "this is the return you are to make for all the labor bestowed upon you? and how is it that you can wholly trample on our wishes in this matter? Are you going to turn from those who have always cherished you, to a wolf in sheep's clothing? from the substance to the shadow? from the certain to the uncertain? I caution you, Laura, to beware while you may, and remember, that in following out your plans, you sell your birthright for less than a morsel of bread—your happiness for a bitter cup. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' is a precept you would

do well to remember ;” and Mr. Halbert was painfully reminded of a neglected book, a half-forgotten promise, and the death-bed of a sainted mother, in this attempt to strengthen and dignify his authority.

Mrs. Halbert persuaded with tears, and Ellen, sympathetic and child-like, was taken into confidence by mother and sister, wept with each, but entreated Laura to follow her parent’s counsels. Laura’s purposes were shaken at her mother’s grief, but Monmouth re-assured her with the strongest language, saying that “her dear parents could not be blamed for their anxiety,” and calling on himself the judgments of God (if there was one, on which point he was a little skeptical) should she ever regret the step. He knew that her friends would relent when they saw the position he would give her; and so, with professions of love more earnest, and the pleadings of an almost speaking eye, with the syren’s voice sounding in her ear, the Rubicon was crossed.

Previous to their elopement to the States, Monmouth’s friend in disguise performed the ceremony, remarking, with grave dignity as he pocketed the fee and adjusted his white cravat, that he had an “evening service at Dr. B. . . .’s church, and must be in time for the appointment.”

Monmouth took occasion to remark as he went out, that he was “a clergyman of the first water, and a personal friend of his.” Substituting the word knave for clergyman, would have made his assertion true.

“Mr. and Mrs. Monmouth” boarded at a village hotel between three and four months. By this time, the ardor of the supposed bridegroom had abated considerably; his funds were quite low, and his character tolerably developed in the eyes of Laura.

Poverty, shame, and desertion! Like the eruption of a volcano to the bloom and verdure of surrounding gardens, was this eruption from the pit, as it seemed, to the future of

Laura; aye! it was more; for a kind hand may remove some piece of cold, hardened lava, and the struggling blade get greenness and vitality thereby, though it is long before the barren waste blooms again; but the soul thus burdened and blackened, never recovers in time; eternity holds the cure.

Laura’s proud nature, and strong, resentful will, arose from the desolation, and set to work determinedly — not that the fountains of life might flow more freely, or the verdure return, but that the life-path, scorched and withered, might be trodden unseen and alone.

Monmouth left the hotel where they were boarding, under pretense of business for a day; but the day went out, and the week, still he did not return. Laura spoke of joining him, to the hotel-keeper, and also of disposing of her watch and chain, which the gentleman offered to take as security, or rather demanded towards their boarding-bill. So they were left in his possession. With a trunk of clothing and a few shillings in her purse, Laura took an early morning train for as distant and obscure a station as her means would allow.

* * * * *

Five months, long and hopeless, had worn by. In two or three humble families in different neighborhoods Laura had spent most of her time. Sometimes disposing of her wardrobe for money, she had found means of removing by public conveyance.

She had been with a poor, but Samaritan-like family for a number of weeks; had given to the mother and daughters the last of her unnecessary clothing, excepting two pairs of fancy-colored kids not large enough for the would-be wearers. Though in straitened circumstances, and with a large family, they kindly urged her to remain longer; but as the weather grew cold, and three or four grown-up sons came home from their fall’s work, Laura concluded that the small

house had already sufficient occupants. She could accept hospitality but illy under any circumstances; in the present case she replied firmly, with a tinge of pride and haughtiness, that she should seek the home offered for her class — not as a pauper, but one having by proxy an investment therein.

The county-house was two miles away. Refusing to let any of the family attend her, she sat out on foot and alone. A furious wind came up, drifting the light snow, and by sudden gusts filling the air almost to blindness. Leaving a cross road for one more public, on which, a mile ahead, was her destination, she leaned against a finger-post, tired and benumbed, hardly caring whether the snow-drifts ahead were passable or not. Then came to her mind the old Scotch ballad, "Puir Mary Lee." There came, also, the conviction of a terrible similarity, the consciousness of a truth more strange, more startling than fiction. Memory rehearsed the ballad:

"Oh! once I lived happily by yon bonny burn,
The world was in love wi' me;
But now I must sit 'neath the cauld drift and mourn,
And curse black Robin-a-Ree!

Then whudder awa', thou bitter, biting blast,
And sough through the scruntie tree,
And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,
And ne'er let the sun me see!

Oh! never melt awa', thou wreath o' snaw,
That's sae kind in graving me;
But hide me frae the scorn and guffaw
O' villains like Robin-a-Ree!"

Partially senseless she sank down at the foot of the post. Just then an empty wood-team came along, and the driver succeeded in getting her aboard, at which the boy sent to follow at a distance and report her progress, turned about gladly and run home.

The poor-house was soon reached; the teamster rapped at the door, and left his passenger without an inquiry, for it was an easy thing in that vicinity to tell whither a poor unfortunate was bound.

In the pocket of his shaggy overcoat, the driver had a newspaper contain the following notice:

"A young woman of slender form,

rather tall, with dark eyes and heavy dark hair, regular features, and fair, clear skin, (having a large supply of rich clothing when last seen,) and passing probably as Mrs. Monmouth, without her husband, may-be, left her friends under painful circumstances some months since. Any person having seen or heard of another, answering in the main the above description, and communicating the same to the subscriber, shall be largely rewarded. Address 'box 116, Toronto, Canada.'"

Little did the teamster think of the notice as he read it that morning while waiting for his breakfast, and still less, as he left the very person it would have described months before, at a sad, but charitable home.

"Why comes not death to those that weep?" Anguish may rack the heart, and mental suffering the brain! Nature may endure the pain of many deaths, and yet the slender life-thread is not broken! Every power is brought into action — every nerve wrought up to its highest tension, and the conflict is decided. Life gains the victory! Earth-sick we travel on.

* * * * *

Four months after Laura's departure, Mr. Halbert heard of the so-called Monmouth in company with his old colleague of the hotel. Some one, it was affirmed, saw them passing through the city; but all efforts of policeman or privates to capture him were fruitless. Ellen and her mother were almost without peace or sleep. Forebodings of the worst constantly haunted Mrs. Halbert's mind; she tried to occupy her thoughts with the labors of her hands and the scenes about her, or appear so at least, but could not. The involuntary start or exclamation, the nervous manner or fixed, steady gaze, would betray her.

Love and pity were now the strongest feelings of the father toward his child; and he felt, too, a painful misgiving that he had forbidden her ever

to return home. But his strong, elastic mind did not yield wholly to the blow; he bought and sold, ate, drank, and slept, talked over the prospects in financial affairs with his commercial brethen quite as he had always done, though, underlying all, was a troubled yearning,—a deep, smothered cry.

Mr. Halbert's anxiety increased with the ensuing weeks, and finally, he felt for the first time, that Laura's self-reliant, unbending spirit, misguided and deserted, would retaliate upon her own head rather than add suffering and disgrace to others. Every possible means were devised for her recovery. Letters were written, inquiries made, and advertisements circulated. Mr. Halbert had taken several recent journeys in the hope of identifying his daughter with some poor unfortunate of whom they had heard. Neither was any thing more head of Monmouth.

Nearly a year had passed, and still, no trace of the lost! Ellen recommenced her studies, mingled in society, and tried to forget her loneliness; but the mother could not forget; her health failed, her well-preserved youth and freshness faded under the terrible suspense. God heareth prayer, and answereth when the suppliant comes aright. "Return unto me, and I will return unto you," was the inward heart-call which Mr. Halbert heard constantly; for there had been a time in days past, when, like Enoch, he "walked with God."

So, after long struggling, he returned, for he had no where else to go.

"You may be sure," said Deacon Jones, in a kind of confidential visit with Mr. Halbert, as the two passed through the garden to the summer-house, for the purpose of eating some strawberries temptingly spread out by Cumbo, an old colored servant, "you may be sure, brother, that this providence is to bring you back to the fold; you have wandered, and

God called, but you refused to come — He called again by His spirit, by His servants, by His word, in divers ways, for you know the elect must all be brought in; (election was the deacon's favorite tenet; so, in the present case, he stood on choice ground,) still you refused, and our Father, who is just as well as merciful, else he could not be perfect, has found it necessary to chastise the child that He loves."

"Yes," said Cumbo, his honest, unctuous face glowing with joy, as he sat down a fresh basket of berries on the rustic table, though the others were untasted; "yes, massa, darby ye may know they are not bastards, but sons; Massa Halbert de Lord's own chile, I believe."

About the time of Laura's introduction to the reader as "Eunice," Judge Wells had occasion to go into Canada, spending two or three days in the city of T. . . . The friend, Mr. Williams, with whom he stopped in the city, was invited out to tea the day after his arrival, and the judge accompanied him.

On the way home, Mr. Williams gave him a brief history of their host, speaking of his good fortune, success in business, and afterward his sorrow. "That's the way with the world," he added, "joy and affliction, storm and sunshine — I tell you we need something besides money laid up against trouble and adversity; I know it, Wells, and so do you, though we may talk up unbelief or any thing else for opposition's sake."

The judge didn't disturb his theory, for at that moment a thought flashed into his mind, and he no more doubted its certainty than if the conviction had been a lightning flash, and the attesting voices thunder peals, distant, but unmistakable. He said nothing of his surmises, however.

They had reached the post-office, and going in, Mr. Wells was introduced to a knot of gentlemen who were discussing the presidential prospects of the United States; for at that

time the political world was "like a troubled sea when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt;" all eyes looked eagerly after the gallant ship that withstood so manfully the battling elements; for men saw that she bore on her bosom the noblest aims and the highest interests of humanity and truth.

Two days afterward, Mr. Wells was set off at the railway station, a mile from his own house. His carriage was in waiting, and had been down at the arrival of two or three previous trains from the west, for the judge held to the idea, both in summer and winter, that he was too fat to walk so far.

Looking over the out-of-door's work, Mr. Wells returned to his wife's chamber.

"When was Eunice up?" he asked, seating himself in an easy arm-chair, whose proportions corresponded with his own.

"She hasn't been up since you went away; poor girl! you should have heard her sing and play, and yet, if one was to ask her, she would reply with a gloomy, decided refusal; I think she must have been very elegant and fascinating in her better days, and that may have proved her ruin.

"Yes, she has seen better days, I am sure," said Mr. Wells, with considerable emphasis.

His wife looked up wonderingly. "Did you say you were 'sure?'" she asked, untying the strings of her muslin cap and pushing the damp hair from her forehead.

"Yes, I said 'sure,' but I might have qualified the assertion, perhaps. I think I was at her father's day before yesterday."

Mrs. Wells opened her eyes widely, and dropping the hem-stitch on which she was at work, exclaimed, "Not at her father's!"

"Don't get excited now—the mercury's too high—and I'll give you my reasons; you see while I was at Mr. Williams's, they were invited

out to tea, and myself with them; his friend seemed to have all the advantages of wealth about him, but still, I could see a hidden grief somewhere; going home, Mr. Williams told me how it was. The year before, his oldest daughter, handsome, educated, and accomplished, had been courted by some stranger, and the parents forbidding the match, they had eloped; as the rascal was heard of some months afterward, they are confident their daughter has been deserted, but can hear nothing from her. Williams said, if I had spoken of our county-house, the slightest hope would have brought his friend out here. I said nothing of my suspicions, but the moment I saw Mr. Halbert, I remembered his eyes and features; the child looks very much like Mrs. Halbert."

"Eunice said something about the climate of Canada one day, I know," suggested Mrs. Wells.

"Did she? Ah! but here comes Puss," said Mr. Wells, extending his hand to his second daughter just home from school. "Now, Puss," said her father, "I want you to go over to the poor-house, and tell Mrs. Ness, (the keeper's wife,) that your mother wants Eunice to come up here awhile. Can you do it?"

"Yes, sir;" and the little messenger was under way.

"You see, wife, if things come out as I expect, I want to send a line to Mr. Halbert in the morning."

Mr. Wells took up a paper, and his wife, with occasional queries, was resolving in her mind some plan for action.

"David Crockett's motto was 'be sure you are right, then go ahead;' now if Eunice puts on that gloomy reserve, just give her some facts in your possession; mention the name of Laura Halbert for instance, when she is off her guard; you'll detect some look or manner that'll prove you are right; then go on, and tell her about my visit, or any thing you like, and at last she'll own all. What, back again!" said Mr. Wells,

as the little sun bonnet and flushed face appeared in the door.

"Mrs. Neff says Eunice will come up as soon as she gets the baby to sleep," was the child's reply.

"There's the bell for tea," said Mr. Wells, evidently pleased, and looking at his watch to corroborate the testimony of his ears. "Come, wife, you're going down, aren't you?"

"Yes; here, Jenny, you sit by the crib till mother comes back," and giving the former a kiss, and the latter an affectionate glance, Mrs. Wells followed her husband.

Raspberries and cream graced the table, of which the judge ate with a hearty relish — of which a nice dish was laid aside to tempt the appetite of Eunice, and serve as a preface to the visit.

Long pent-up waters grow dark and bitter; their constant pressure may be borne very long, but once let the enclosure be weakened by a slight rift, the gushing waters give momentum to the body, and the whole structure is borne away.

Eunice at first evaded all queries. The firmly-fixed muscles and vague expression of the face revealed nothing. But finally the rift was struck, the barrier swept off, and with it many bitter dregs.

"I never can go home! I never can see one of them again!" she exclaimed, with vehement earnestness; "what sorrow they have seen from my disobedience! how my mother pleaded, but my father very justly threatened! Oh! could I have been wise; but I loved with all the ardor of my blind, impassioned nature, and that commandment was broken! Oh, God! what am I now? how have I suffered? how have I longed to die? but now, my child! God of justice, *must* her mother's sins be visited upon her?"

The form of Laura Halbert quivered like an aspen leaf in the breeze, but her festering heart and over-burdened soul felt a strange relief, as

when the surgeon's scalpel has inflicted a painful wound, though its effects are soothing, sleep-begetting, and tranquil.

Three days afterward, what a meeting occurred in Mr. Wells' parlor! what tears were shed, what language expressed—involuntary, wordless, but powerful.

Previous to the arrival of Mr. Halbert and his daughter, Mrs. Wells had persuaded Laura to comb her hair as she had formerly done, gave her a pretty dress of her own, and looked carefully to the baby's appearance. Laura's sister, too, had brought whatever she thought would be needed, while parental love and charity, which sin could not destroy, hid, like a royal mantle, every defect.

So the lost sheep which had wandered in the wilderness so long, shunning the distant opening with shrinking fear, eluding every passer who might carry tidings to the fold, was at last reclaimed. With a gratitude at their hearts toward Mr. Wells' family, the re-united hastened home to gladden the watcher there, and relieve those vigils which many months had witnessed.

* * * * *

Another year had passed, revealing so far the allotments of Providence. Tidings of Monmouth had been recently received. In a city not far distant, a want of money had given to his proceedings another name, to wit, forgery. On trial, it was admitted that he was lawfully entitled to a seven years' home where striped clothing was furnished without money or price, and hard labor and rigid discipline were among the accompanying privileges of the institution. May not the labors of the chaplain prove to him a saviour of death unto death.

Laura's constitution sank rapidly; the life-link, cankered and corroded, was almost outworn, yet, her presence gave a peaceful, chastened light to the parental home. Little Elsie, her child, was the pet of the household. She was gay, sprightly, quite

handsome, having the figure and features of her grandmother, with the spirit of her mother, which latter was sometimes manifested when her baby-indignation was aroused.

Hand in hand those sisters stood upon the banks of the Eternal river.

"I have no need to warn you, Ellen, my example is enough; 'Honor thy father and thy mother;' it should be upon my headstone, that the warning may not be forgotten." She pointed to her artless child playing with its toys, and shed bitter tears for its worse than orphaned name. "Oh! be faithful in teaching her, Ellen; this Book is the chart, and travelers who will be guided by it, may shun the ruinous and destructive breakers of sin; tell her the dark history of her mother when she reaches a suitable age; of him say little — a great hope has taken possession of my soul — it is — no, I'll not reveal it; 'Ask, and it shall be given;' the atoning power of the Saviour is so infinite, His mercy so great, possibly good will be brought out of evil — possibly another sinner will be redeemed!"

Her eyes closed, and her lips moved in prayer; those who had come to the bed-side heard the beseechings of an earnest spirit,—

"Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there."

They heard other words, and that name oft repeated, which is the Christian's only hope. She prayed for her destroyer in the same spirit which Christ prayed for those who with wicked hands had crucified and slain Him. The farewells were spoken, and forgivings again repeated. * * * She made a sign to bring her babe; 't was brought, and by her placed. She gazed at it for a moment; her eyes grew glassy, her hold relaxed, and the low, feeble pulse-strokes ceased.

At sunset, on the succeeding day, they laid the remains of Laura Halbert where the footsteps of the living and the dead must separate. The

cemetery with its costly marbles and flower-encircled mounds, overlooking the waters of the Ontario, had never received to its bosom more precious dust, nor one whose earthly hopes had been more cruelly blighted and crushed.

As Laura would have it, they wrote on her tombstone this saying of the wise man, "*Fear God, and keep His commandments.*"

COUNTRY HOMES AND COUNTRY WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

(Continued.)

THE selection of a location for a home, will, of course, depend upon a variety of circumstances; but it is desirable that a permanent situation be fixed upon as early in matrimonial life as possible. The proverb of Poor Richard —

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as one that settled be;"

and the adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," are worth remembering. One does not feel that interest in gathering pleasant things around a place which he knows he is to leave in a few months, or it may be years, that he does around one which is to be his home for life; the home where his children will unfold the beautiful buds of childhood and blossom into maturity, and where the evening shadows of life will quietly settle upon his own head. The system of removing from one place to another through life, is fruitful in evils. The tendrils of affection that childhood is wont to throw around the homestead, are broken every little while, and, instead of garnering a store of sweet remembrances, which, in the maturity of life, cause one to look back almost with reverence to the very stones that served for rustic seats beneath the trees that threw their grateful shade over the play-ground of a happy childhood — instead of one bright

picture of "sweet home" hanging upon the walls of memory, there is a confused panorama of objects which have never gained any particular ascendancy over the mind, and fortunate it is, if there is not acquired a restlessness of habit, which will interrupt the domestic happiness of future family circles. Then the short-lived and broken friendships which occur, throw a shade of melancholy over the young life, and new associations so frequently formed, interrupt its quietness and distract the attention, so that a regular plan for an improvement will not be so likely to be carried out.

Yes, let your children have a pleasant home to grow up in, which shall be a sanctuary, to which, amid the turmoil and strife of after years, their hearts will turn and gather fresh strength from the remembrance of the faith which budded there; to whose hearth-fountain, when their hearts grow cold and selfish, they will turn to drink anew the crystal cup of love; let them have one noble circle of acquaintance, which shall shed over them a refining and elevating influence; a circle from which your daughter choose a friend — sister who will link her life with her own, and growing up amid the same scenes, will drink in of the same spirit, and in womanhood, be able still to sympathize with her, and to strengthen by a reference to the pure scenes of childhood, and the happy days of youth; a circle from which your son shall be able to choose a noble-minded companion for his impressive boyhood.

This it may at first be difficult to find, especially in a new country, to which the limited means of many a young pair render an emigration desirable; but the population of a newly-settled region is usually for some time fluctuating, and one noble, energetic family may often accomplish much in drawing in others of the same class and elevating community toward their own standard.

An object of first importance in the selection of a home, is a *healthful location*. Health, however we may trifle with it when we have it in possession, is a blessing whose value we realize when it is lost. The vicinity of stagnant marshes and pools which can not be drained, should be avoided as the pestilence. Their miasmatic influences gradually insinuating themselves into the system, will prostrate its energies, and, if they do not utterly cut down, will leave it a withered cumberer of the earth. The air which is to permeate the system, not for one day only, nor for one year, but for a life-time, should be of the purest quality. There does seem, also, to be some relation between climate and character. Would it be possible to make slaves of a people inspired by the breath of the Alps? Our noble New Englanders who scorn the name of tyrant, have drank in freedom with every inspiration, since first they woke to being. But the enervated populace of sunny Italy and Mexico would seem incapable of resisting the oppressor's yoke, and maintaining a noble self-government. And why should it not be so? With bracing vigor introduced at every breath, and coursing through the arteries till the minutest capillaries feel its presence, why should not a strength of body be acquired, capable of developing and sustaining a strong mentality? And will a strong mind ever submit to the degradation of slavery? It may be objected that Russia has her serfs, and that the Esquimaux are an indolent people. Perhaps an exceedingly cold climate may have done something toward paralyzing their energies, as excessive cold seems nearly as inimical to a normal condition of body and mind, as excessive heat.

And not only is purity of air necessary. The water which we drink should be pure and soft. Some localities, in other respects desirable, afford, except from the clouds, only hard water; but it is fortunate that

from that source is an almost never-failing supply, and that by means of filters we can have it in crystal purity. Think not that it is of little moment whether the water we drink be hard or soft. Look, housewives, into your teakettles which have long been used in boiling hard water. Can your systems be healthy when impregnated with a material so gross as the lime which adheres to your teakettles so pertinaciously? How do you know that your own stomachs are not coated with the same?

Another important consideration in the selection of a location for a country home, is a ready market. The thrifty farmer will be frequently under the necessity of marketing a large quantity of produce, and of obtaining foreign supplies. If he is at a day's distance from his market-place, the expense of marketing will be very much enhanced, and he will lose so much profit on his produce. Besides, much will be wasted, or nearly so, upon his place, which, if he lived near town, would bring ready money. There is a great difference — and how few give it sufficient thought in purchasing a farm — between spending a few hours or two days in disposing of a load of wheat. In the former case, you gain all the labor you are able to accomplish between the two periods; and a half a day in a hurrying season is worth something to the farmer.

If then you are obliged to seek a home in a new country, make careful observation of its peculiarities, before deciding upon a location, that you may be able to judge correctly of its prospects as regards a market.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S TRUE GLORY.

I AM no more a child; the days are gone!
Those lovely days which distance bright-
ens now;
When fondness clustered round my being's
dawn,
And read the future on my smoother brow,
And shielded me from harm, I knew and
reck'd not how.

None stand between me and the cold, cold
world;

I've launched me out upon the treacherous
sea

Beside the one I love, and closely furled
Our little span of snowy sail must be,
To meet the bitter blasts of rude adversity.

He who I love stands ever at the helm,
Erect and firm, far looking to descry
If mountain wave be rolling on to whelm
Our fragile bark, where softly cradled lie
His dearest ones — this little boy and I.

So when the skies are blue, the water calm,
We gently sail beneath his watchful care,
Delighted with the breeze that breathes like
balm,
And togeth with the soft and curling hair
Around thy brow, my darling, bold and
fair!

But when the storm arises, and the spray
Of this most vexed and billowy sea of life
Filleth the air, I may not turn away,
And hide me from the fury and the strife,
For I am standing forth a mother, and a
wife.

And I must fold my baby to my breast,
And shelter him as others sheltered me;
And at my husband's side unshaken rest,
To bear our lot, whate'er that lot may be,
With patient hope, and high serenity.

Such is a woman's duty; and her aim
Should be to find in this her joy and
pride;
She may not ask the uncertain breath of
fame
To scatter her poor deeds afar and wide;
A queen within the circle of her home,
There let her reign, and seldom wish to
roam.

CHOICE PLANTS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

MOTHER! gardener of hearts,
There's a rosy bud of love,
Planted by a hand above,
Which from that sweet child-soul starts;
Guard the little tender thing,
That it come to blossoming.

Mother, gardener of mind,
Very happy is thy lot,
Watching germs of noble thought!
Be thou gentle, be thou kind,
To snatch each noxious weed that springs
To choke the tiny infant things.

Water freely all the soil,
That they have a vig'rous growth —
They would perish in a drouth;
Be not weary in thy toil,
Lest the germs that sprung so green,
Dark and withered shall be seen.

Mother, skillful, gardener
 Childhood hath a body too,
 Nature gentle laws and true;
 Be thou faithful unto her,
 She will bring thee untold wealth
 In thy darling's blooming health.

A DAY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY WASHINGTON BALLOU.

With a head that was clear, and a heart that
 was light,
 To the fields Tom hastened away,
 As the goddess of morn rolled the curtains
 of night
 And let in a beautiful day.

And his voice sweetly chimed with the songs
 of the birds —

With the songs of the birds so blithe;
 With the low tinkling bells of the flocks and
 the herds,
 And the sound of the merry scythe.

And the dew brightly shone like ten thou-
 sands of pearls

Strewn 'mid the grass, and the flowers;
 And the breeze lightly played with his dark,
 auburn curls,
 As it came from the wild wood bowers.

And his scythe quicker swung through the
 tall, verdant grass,

As he thought of the joys of life;
 As he thought of his wife, when she loved
 as a lass,
 Of his wife when she loved as a wife.

As he thought of his babe, with its eyes and
 its curls

Like those of the sweet babes above;
 Of his bright little boys, of his sweet little
 girls,
 Of their joy in mutual love.

With labor and love-thoughts passed the
 hour of morn,

And sweetly and quickly it passed;
 When from his cottage came the shrill sound
 of a horn,
 As loud as a clarion blast.

Then soon with his partner, and his children
 so dear,

He sat at his well-ordered board;
 While with colloquy sweet they partook of
 their cheer —

There was joy, if joy earth can afford.

And then softly they knelt at the great
 Mercy seat,

For their God they never forgot;
 And the prayer of their Saviour they meekly
 repeat,

And give thanks for the joys of their lot.

And with joys never known to those proud,
 worldly men,

Whose lives are a round of turmoil,
 With his oldest son Paul to the green fields
 again

He hies to his health-giving toil.

And they faithfully toil for a long winter's
 store

Of food for the lambs and the kine,
 Till the warm, dripping sweat oozes out from
 each pore,

Like sweat from a slave in the mine.

And at ten they sit down by a cool crystal
 spring,

Wipe the sweat from their throbbing
 brows;

They good-naturedly joke, and they whistle
 and sing,

And play with great shaggy old Touse.

Now Jane stands beside them, and most
 sweetly she said,

As love beamed from her soft, blue eyes,
 "Mother sent you this cake, and these cher-
 ries so red,
 And this nice little raspberry pie."

"Oh good!" shouted Paul, as the basket he
 took,

"'Tis better than brandy or punch,"
 And he took a good swig from the head of
 the brook,

And then took a good bite of "the lunch."

And then Janie sat down on a bit of a rail,
 Showed her father her nice new comb;
 And then musingly told a sweet nursery tale
 She'd read in her favorite "Home."

Tom, rising, then said, "This is not making
 hay,

We must work while we have the sun;"
 And soon with their might they were work-
 ing away,
 Till the horn blew the hour of one.

When half way to the house, coming out on
 the mead,

They met little prattling Tim;
 And he told his papa how he'd made a fine
 steed

With a string and apple tree limb.

And to dinner Tom went, with his boy on
 his arm,

Where he found all so kind and gay,
 That he thought his sweet home had just
 borrowed a charm

To lighten the toils of the day.

The new "Farmer" he took when his dinner
 was passed,

Read "A Word on the Making of Hay;"
 Then an essay he read about living too
 fast —

Spent a moment with baby at play.

Jane wanted some cherries — so out up in
the tree
Tom hastens as quick as an elf;
Picked a bowl full for sauce; some for old
widow Lee;
Some for Janie, and some for himself.
“Well, my son, master Paul, harness up
the old nags,”
Said Tom, “as the clock’s striking two;”
And Paul started away, for young Paul never
lags
When he plays, or has something to do.
And they are working soon at the odorous
hay,
The load they’re piling large and high;
And then over the hills they are riding
away,
With happy hearts ’neath a smiling sky.
When the last load was on, little Tim and
sweet Jane
Were lifted up on to the load;
Then Paul gave the old nags a good stroke
with the rein,
And gayly they went on their road.
When the day’s work was done, and low
from the west
Came the sun’s last lingering ray,
In his own little cot down Tom sat him to
rest,
With his babe by his lovely May.
And they talk of their joy, and of joys yet
to come,
And of days that had long gone by;
And a merry old song now they cheerily
hum,
While love softly beams from each eye.
Now the Bible is read, and they ask to be
blessed,
For strength the commandments to keep;
Then they go to their beds, and then peace-
fully sleep;
They rest, and they smile as they sleep.

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

I HAD from childhood been famil-
iar with the adage, “Example is
better than precept;” and although
I was not disposed to dispute its
truth, I never had a favorable op-
portunity of seeing it practically de-
monstrated, until after I had been
compelled to engage in a humble em-
ployment, which has more recently
been monopolized by persons of for-
eign birth.

I served in one family nearly a

year. I was delighted with the order
and harmony which prevailed. The
mother was a person of an unusually
mild and gentle disposition. During
the term of my residence in the fam-
ily, I did not hear her utter any other
than the kindest language. I never
saw her angry; and not oftener than
once or twice manifesting any feeling
that indicated ill-humor. And as the
mother, so the children. Although
but one of the daughters had attained
womanhood, two others were but a
trifle behind her; and I never heard
either of them use toward their fa-
ther or mother an expression which
any but the most captious parent
would consider in any degree disre-
spectful. They uniformly rendered
a cheerful obedience, and seemed
happy when an opportunity offered
for doing their parents any act of
service, or for administering to their
comfort. They literally obeyed the
fifth commandment. So far this
might be considered a model family.
Yet I am compelled to say of them,
one thing they lacked. It was not a
religious family. The principles and
duties of religion were not inculcated
by the parents; hence, the conduct of
the children could not, or, at least,
probably was not governed by a sense
of religious obligation. The naturally
amiable temper of the mother and
her uniform kindness toward her
children, had gained from them such
a degree of filial affection, as enabled
her to govern them without any ap-
parent effort. Maintaining a serene
and unruffled temper herself, there
was little to disturb the equanimity
of the children; and they grew up
into the likeness of their maternal
exemplar.

Now for a reversed picture. My
services being needed in another fam-
ily, a few miles distant, I changed my
residence. I was now in a religious
family. Religious instruction was
attended to as well as in most pious
families. Yet I soon found that I
had formed an erroneous idea of the
internal condition of the family. It

did not appear to have one truly happy member. The mother manifested a commendable solicitude for her children. Their language and deportment were the subjects of constant and rigid criticism. Every word and action that did not comport with the utmost propriety, was noticed; and trivial errors were sometimes followed by severe reprimands, which, taking color from the highly excited state of mind, would naturally provoke the children to disrespectful and impertinent replies; and then would come from the mother a rejoinder, ending with a complaint of the badness of her children, notwithstanding all her instructions. Had I been asked, I might perhaps have had the courage to venture an explanation of the reason; but occupying the humble position I did, I supposed it would not become to obtrude my advice or opinion.

My residence here was to me an unhappy one; yet I regard it as having been instructive and profitable. I became more strongly than ever convinced that example is more powerful than precept; that our habits of mind, and feeling, and language will, in most cases, be communicated to our children, and others who grow up under our influence. This conviction has been further confirmed by subsequent observation. I believe more children are spoiled by bad example, than by total neglect of discipline. I do not underrate the importance of the positive inculcation of moral and religious principle. Indeed, I regard it as indispensable. The family first described is not to be taken as a specimen of what may be reasonably expected from mere example; something must be set to the account of natural amiableness of temper. Children must be taught that in rendering obedience and respect to parents, as well as in all other duties, they are to have respect to a higher than human authority. There can be safety only in the *union* of precept and example. Still, I be-

lieve there will be far greater danger of failure when instruction is contradicted by example, than when the latter alone is left to produce its natural effect upon human character.

And now a few questions to parents — fathers as well as mothers — who have failed in their efforts to train their children. Have your children seen you often angry, and heard you speak angrily? Are you habitually fretful and complaining? Are you in the habit of chiding them for their faults, and telling them they are very bad children, instead of kindly reproving them, and of encouraging them in well-doing? Or have you yet to learn how to administer reproof, or correct their faults, without exciting their ill-will, or crushing their spirits? If you are compelled to answer these and other like questions in the affirmative, you need not go beyond your own doors to ascertain the cause of your failure.

ADA.

THE TWO MORNING CALLS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I HAVE been to call on Mrs. Melton, Lucy," said Mrs. Summerton, as she entered the parlor, where her niece was busily engaged with some fancy work. "Mrs. Melton, you know, is an old friend of mine."

"Was Laurinda at home?"

"Yes."

This monosyllable was spoken in a grave accent, and without any of the lighting up of the countenance with which Lucy made the inquiry.

"I am glad you have had an opportunity of seeing her," was the reply. "Is n't she lovely, aunt?"

"I should think handsome the more appropriate word to apply to her."

"Why so, aunt Summerton?"

"Because, when I hear a person described as being lovely, I think more is comprehended in the expression than beauty of form and feature.

Now, I should call Mary Everett a much lovelier girl than Laurinda Melton."

"I am sure that no one can call Mary Everett handsome."

"There is an old proverb, which says, 'Handsome is, that handsome does.'"

"There, aunt, I have you on your own ground. Were you to meet them in society, you couldn't help seeing that Laurinda's manners are much more genteel than Mary's."

"Without doubt, and gentility is very good in its place. But if I wish to form an accurate opinion of a young girl's disposition, and certain valuable qualities which are indispensable to one of Laurinda's station, I prefer to see her at home."

"That is the very place where, if possible, Laurinda always appears the most pleasant and amiable," remarked Lucy.

"When I called at Mrs. Melton's, this morning," said Mrs. Summerton, "I was conducted into the drawing-room, where I found Laurinda with some crochet-work in her hands. On inquiring for her mother, she told me that she was very busy, but would be delighted to see me. She rose, as she spoke, and pulled the bell, when a girl of twelve or fourteen, the same that answered my ring at the door, made her appearance."

"Tell mother that Mrs. Summerton has called, and would like to see her," said Laurinda.

"In a few minutes Mrs. Melton entered the room. She welcomed me with unmistakable cordiality, and I was sincerely glad to see her, for we had not met for many years. I was pained, however, to perceive that she had that worn, harrassed look, which is the result of too much care and over-exertion. Her face, too, was so much flushed that I was nearly certain that she had been summoned while in the midst of some task, which, no doubt, might have been rendered comparatively easy with her daughter's assistance, who, with-

out a single thought of any one's comfort except her own, had been sitting all the morning in the parlor. This made me regret that I didn't follow the rule I long ago prescribed for myself."

"What rule is it, aunt?"

"Never in the country, if it can be avoided, make morning calls. In a city, the conventionalities of society in many instances, and this is one of the more prominent, are unsuited to that of a community where the mistress of a family, with the assistance of her daughters, if she have any, generally performs the whole, or principal part, of the household labor. I don't think I should have broken my rule, had I not, by seeing Laurinda sitting at the parlor window, imagined it was a leisure day. But to return to Mrs. Melton. After a short time, she turned to her daughter, and requested her to go to the kitchen and oversee Jane a little."

"Oh, I can't," was Laurinda's reply, "for I promised cousin Philip to have this purse ready for him by the time he was ready to return to college, which, I'm sure, it will be impossible for me to do, if I have to spend my time looking after that stupid Jane. For my part, I don't see what use there is in having a girl to help do the work, if she's unable to do the least thing without being overlooked."

"By the manner in which she glanced at her dress while saying this, which was quite too expensive and elaborate for morning wear, I was pretty sure that fear of injuring it had as much to do with the reluctance she expressed to comply with her mother's request, as her desire to fulfil her promise as regarded the purse."

"Without saying any thing more to Laurinda, Mrs. Melton rose. She requested me to excuse her a few minutes, and then remarked, that she had no one to assist her except a very young girl, who had not, as yet, been sufficiently initiated into the

mysteries of cookery to be trusted without some one to direct her. Thinking, however, that my remaining longer might cause her to hurry, and thus increase her fatigue, as well as add to her solicitude, I rose as she was about to withdraw, and saying that I would call again before I left the place, took leave.

"From Mrs. Melton's I went to Mrs. Everett, to whom I had a message from a mutual friend, which did n't admit of delay, or after my recent inopportune call, I should have postponed it till the afternoon. Mary came to the door, and conducted me into the parlor, where I found her mother busy with some needle-work. Mary, though not like Laurinda, exactly in trim for a dinner-party, was very neatly dressed, and after remaining in the room five or ten minutes, quietly withdrew.

" 'As I am not as well as usual to-day,' Mrs. Everett remarked, after she was gone, 'Mary, with the assistance of a younger sister, before it was time for her to go to school this morning, has undertaken to perform the household labor, and as she is preparing one of her father's favorite dinners, she is afraid to venture being long absent from her post in the kitchen. The times have been so hard of late,' she added, 'that we've concluded to do the work ourselves, for the present. Mr. Everett spoke against it at first, but now that he finds Mary is so efficient and so willing to assist, he has become quite reconciled to the new arrangement, and, I suspect, rather prefers it.' "

"I always knew," remarked Lucy, "that Laurinda was not in the habit of doing any thing in the kitchen, and she gave as a reason, that her mother did n't wish her to."

"I suspect the reluctance was on her part, rather than her mother's."

"So it would seem. The truth is, she always appears so pleasant and cheerful, and I enjoy calling on her so much, that it never occurred to me that while she was trifling with some

fancy work, or playing on the piano, or worse still, chatting with some idle girl like me, that her mother, whose tastes are as much cultivated as her's, was not only obliged to forego all relaxation and amusement, but to perform most of the domestic labor for a large family. I shall always think of this for the future, when I hear her say that her mother does not wish for her assistance."

"Perhaps you may profit by it, as well as think of it," said her aunt, with a smile.

"I certainly shall, or, at least, I hope so," replied Lucy, "for I believe I am getting to have almost as great a repugnance to work as Laurinda." — *Mother's Journal.*

WET FEET.

WHAT a crowd of painful recollections are crowded upon the mind of a physician by the words *wet feet*. The child which had been playing about in the morning in all its infantile loveliness and vivacity, is seized at night with croup from wet feet, and in a few days is a corpse. The youthful form of female beauty, which a few months before gladdened the eye of every beholder, is wasting in slow, remediless decay, the origin of which decay was wet feet. Whence came the lingering disease, the pain and suffering of that fond mother? — Still the same response; getting her feet wet while providing winter clothing for her children—as if tenderness for her offspring justified her dispensing with all the rules of prudence for herself. Thus we might continue the melancholy list of maladies to which the heedlessness of youth, the pride of manhood, or the avarice of old age is voluntarily and needlessly exposed by a neglect of one lesson of everyday experience.

It needs no medical lore nor labored reasoning to show the great influence which impressions on the feet exert over the body at large.

The real martyrdom produced by tickling them, and the cruel punishment of the bastinado, are sensible evidences of their exquisite delicacy of feeling. Of this fact we have more pleasurable experience in the glow diffused through the whole system, when chilled and shivering we hold them for awhile to the fire; or when, during the prevalence of the dog star, we immerse them in cold water to allay the heat which is then coursing through our veins. In both health and disease, there is a constant sympathy between the feet and the different organs of the body. Whatever be the weak part, it suffers with unfailing certainty from the impressions of cold and moisture on the feet. No matter whether the tendency be to sick headache, or sore throat, hoarseness and cough, pain in the stomach, rheumatism, or gout, they will one and all be brought on by getting the feet wet, or at times, even from these parts being chilled from standing on cold ground or pavements. Not the traveler caught in the storm, nor the man of business, nor even the day laborer who can not always watch the appearance of the clouds, and pick their steps aside from a muddy hole or a wet street. We must look for the largest number of sufferers among the rich, the fair, and the lovely of the land. These are they who neglect suitable protection for their feet, and brave the snow and rain with such a frail covering as would make the strong man tremble for his own health, were he to be equally daring.

At a season like the present, it would seem to be a matter of gratulation that shoes and boots can every where be obtained of such materials as to preserve the feet dry and warm. Leather of various kinds — firm, or pliable and soft — is, at the shortest warning, made to assume every variety of shape and figure called for by the convenience of fashion. But we mistake; fashion, that despotic destroyer of comfort, and too often a sworn foe to health, is very loath to

allow the feet of frail ladies to be encased in leather. They must wear cloth shoes to which the flimsiest possible sole leather is allowed. A covering for the feet, which was never intended to be seen beyond the chamber or parlor, is that now adopted for street parade and travel; and they whose cheeks we would not that the winds of heaven should visit too roughly, brave in prunello the extremes of cold and moisture, and offer themselves willing victims to all the sufferings of rheumatism, fever, colds, ague, catarrh, and consumption. Tell them of a wiser course; argue with some on their duties, as mothers and wives, to preserve health — with others, as daughters of beauty, who are risking the loss of their loveliness by approaching disease, and they will reply that leather shoes are horrid, and altogether out of fashion. They do not reflect that beauty consists in the fitness and harmony of things, and that we can not associate it with the ideas of suffering and disease. The light drapery, so gracefully and elegantly arranged as to exhibit without obtruding her figure, is worthy of admiration in a Grecian sky, and when its wearer is warmed by a southern sun. The muslin robe of one of our beauties of the ball-room, is tasteful and appropriate where lights and music are additions to the scene; but could we preserve our admiration of the Grecian nymph or the modern belle, if in these costumes they were seen walking the streets mid sleet and wind? Pity they would assuredly command; but will a female be content with the offering which any beggar is sure of receiving? We have gazed on the finest productions of the chisel and the pencil, we have studied beauty with enthusiastic admiration, and we assure our lady readers that a foot and ankle ever so neatly turned, affords no pleasure to the eye if left without suitable protection on a wintry day.

But how, conceding all the beauty claimed by its admirers to an exhibition

of small feet in light shoes, can we receive this as a substitute for clear complexion, brilliant lustre of the eye, and the mild smile of content — all lost by the repeated attacks of a cold, or the coming on of a sick headache or dyspepsia, as the consequences of cold and wet feet?

Custom, it is alleged by some, renders persons thus exposed less liable to suffer. But the custom of occasionally walking out in thin cloth shoes, is a very different thing from the habit of constant exposure of those parts to cold and moisture. If the sandal were habitually worn, and the foot in a great measure exposed to the air, custom might then be used as an argument against increased precautions. It is idle to talk of females accustoming themselves to having their feet chilled, damp, or wet an hour or two in the streets during the day, when for the remainder of this period they take the greatest pains to have them dry and warm, by toasting them perhaps for hours before the fire.—*Physio-Medical Recorder*.

TEACH FEMALES TO HELP THEMSELVES.

"THE times are squally," said a young husband playfully to his wife; "what if I should fail one of these days?"

She replied promptly and cheerfully, "I should give myself no trouble about it; I would establish a school; or you might keep a retail store, and I would keep your books for you."

The education of this lady had not been of that character so common now-a-days, which is superficial as it is showy. She had not only studied the solid branches, but the relative who directed her education insisted that she should be so thoroughly taught that she could teach others. There seemed little probability, at that time, that it would ever be necessary for her to support herself by

teaching. The time, however, did come, whilst she was yet young, when she found it necessary to take charge of a school; and thus she had the pleasure of making herself useful, and of feeling independent. Her prompt answer to her husband, therefore, resulted from her confidence that she could do again what she had done.

We have related this incident, which the happy couple, should this meet their eye, will readily excuse, for the purpose of calling attention to a prevailing evil of immense magnitude, and of suggesting a remedy. The evil is the extreme helplessness of the great majority of women in our country, when thrown upon their own resources for support, especially if they have small children. Their helplessness arises, not from the fact that there is nothing for them to do, but from the fact that they are not qualified to do any thing by which they can make a living. They may pass for educated ladies, but their knowledge of the different branches of science is too superficial to enable them to teach successfully. They may be sufficiently acquainted with music to sing and play creditably in the parlor, but their acquaintance with music as a science is quite too slight to secure them success in giving lessons. In other departments of female labor they are no better instructed, perhaps not so well. They lack the taste and skill which would make them successful as milliners; and they can not cut, fit, and make dresses, so as to succeed in such business. In keeping boarders — a business to which widows are often driven — they would not succeed, because they would not make good managers, and turn every thing to good account.

The consequence is, that if their husbands fail in business — an occurrence so exceedingly common in these days — they can do nothing to aid them, or to diminish expenses till they can get a start; or, if they are left widows in indigent circumstances,

they have not only the bereavement — in itself heavy enough — to bear, but are overwhelmed and dispirited at their utter inability to provide for their helpless children. They may have relations who will aid them, but the feeling of independence is extremely galling, especially if they are led to suppose that the aid is given reluctantly or with difficulty. Or their children must be scattered about in different families, and thus deprived of a mother's affectionate care and training, and gradually estranged from each other. To avoid such evils, great numbers of women delicately raised, utterly unused to hardship, eke out a scanty subsistence by doing coarse sewing almost twenty hours out of twenty-four, for an almost nominal price. Grief, hardship, and mortification rapidly break their spirits, undermine their health, and hurry them to the grave; and their children go into some orphan asylum, or are scattered amongst strangers.

These are not matters of rare occurrence. Would that they were. Go into the narrow streets of all our cities; enter into the cellars, garrets, and shanties, and you will find hundreds of such females; and in every part of the country you may find others who have not sunk so low, battling against overwhelming difficulties, and sinking one by one into early graves.

Is there no remedy for an evil so prevalent, and of so fearful magnitude? The *women's rights* doctrines we abhor as utterly unscriptural, unnatural, and ruinous to the happiness of women themselves. The condition of woman can never be improved by taking her out of the sphere in which God designed her to move, and thrusting her into man's place. The results of such a course would be failure of success, and the loss of that peculiar respect and regard which all but the most degraded men feel toward the female sex. But extremes beget each other; and to the reflecting mind the extreme positions of a new

party in politics, religion, or morals, indicate evils in the opposite direction which ought to be speedily remedied. There are crying evils in the condition of the women of our country, which loudly demand to be removed; and these evils do partly give countenance to those who have recently become so clamorous for woman's rights. Infidelity has undertaken to place woman in a more favorable position; but the history of the world shows, that whilst it may pull down evils, it can never build up any thing good in their stead. It overthrew tyranny in France, but it put lawlessness and anarchy in its place.

Where shall we find a remedy for the crying evil of which we are speaking? We answer — first, in the forming of a correct public sentiment; and, second, in the right education of young females. There is a corrupt public sentiment which does infinite harm — a public sentiment so unreasonable, and so unscriptural, that Christians ought to set their faces like a flint against it. It is that sentiment which makes it disreputable for young women to be industriously and usefully employed. "She is a schoolmistress," is a remark, which, if made respecting a young lady, may cause her to be dropped out of what is called the *higher circle*; and when the invitations are sent out for the evening party, she will not be one of the *select company*. And what is the schoolmistress doing? Why, she is improving her mind by the study of the great truths of nature and of history; and she is training the younger minds for usefulness, by imparting to them knowledge which is more precious than gold, and by developing the noble powers of those noble minds. And whilst thus nobly employed, she is supporting herself, or making something to give to the various objects of benevolence. Her employment is worthy of a rational mind and of a benevolent heart; and it evinces that wisdom that foresees

possible evil, and provides against it. And yet multitudes of our young misses, whose fathers are lawyers, doctors, and merchants, and whose lives are being spent like that of a butterfly, would feel quite lowered, not to say degraded, by associating familiarly with the "schoolmistress."

"She is a milliner," or "she is a dressmaker," would be deemed a sufficient reason, in the higher circles, for cutting the acquaintance of a lady, however intelligent or refined, whose misfortunes had rendered it necessary for her to exert herself for the support of her family, or for declining to acknowledge a young lady who prefers to support herself by her industry, to being dependent upon relatives. If a teacher is supposed to belong to one of the humble grades of society, a milliner or dressmaker is assigned even a lower place. And why? Not because of any inferiority in intelligence, in refinement, or in moral excellence, but simply because she is doing the very best that her circumstances allow for the support of herself and of those dependent upon her.

What are the effects of this public sentiment? In the first place, it presents an almost insuperable barrier in the way of the proper training of young females. As they can not entertain the thought of ever descending from the circle in society in which they now move, they can not think of qualifying themselves to become teachers, much less, to engage in any thing regarded as still lower in the scale of respectability. A superficial education, therefore, with some attention to the ornamental branches, is quite sufficient, and may be soon attained; whilst in the vulgar business of dressmaking and the like, "ignorance is bliss." A change of circumstances, therefore, finds them utterly unprepared to meet it, and as perfectly helpless as infants. In the next place, this public sentiment often prevents even those who could suc-

ceed, from engaging in any business by which they can support themselves. If they would yield to the stern requirements of necessity, they have near relatives, in better circumstances, who would consider themselves disgraced by their taking such a step. Thus, whilst there might be independence, usefulness, and happiness, there is the spirit chafing under the mortification of dependence, and the heart brooding over its misfortunes. Then comes an unfavorable change in the circumstances of those proud friends, who have, by a meagre or a tolerable support, kept that woman in "durance vile." The assistance heretofore vouchsafed, is withdrawn; the time has passed when she could have helped herself, and unmingled wretchedness is the result. This is no fancy sketch. We have seen it all.

Another and a terrible consequence of this public sentiment, is the contracting of unsuitable marriages from mercenary motives. Young ladies grow up with the impression fixed in their minds, that they are to be provided for by *husbands*; and as they can do nothing for themselves, the possession of money becomes an essential qualification in a suitor. Time passes on rapidly, and the apprehension that nothing better is likely to offer, induces them to become the wives of men whom they do not love or admire, and perhaps can not respect. Eternally every thing may seem fair; but in multitudes of instances, there is a wretchedness, compared with which extreme poverty would be bliss.

Is this public sentiment sustained by any valid reason? Is not every employment honorable, which is honest and useful? Does not the lady who is intelligent, refined, and morally excellent, possess every thing that should be required to introduce her into the best society? Is not the lady, who, by her industry, is both independent and useful, worthy of higher regard, than she who lives on the toil of others, and spends her

time in that which is neither profitable to herself, nor useful to others? The truth is, this public sentiment is nearly as inexorable as the law of *caste* amongst the Hindoos, and more senseless. However the world may regard it, Christians should treat it with the contempt which it richly merits. God has put great honor upon those who were found industriously employed in humble but useful avocations. David was called to be king of Israel, whilst watching his father's flock. The reputed father of our Lord was a carpenter, and He himself was cradled in a manger. Dorcas, who was raised from the dead by Peter, was industrious in making clothes for widows and orphans. Paul supported himself, when necessity required, by making tents. Read James ii: 1—3, and see how an inspired apostle viewed this matter. Those distinctions in society, which are founded on reason, we would ever respect; those which are merely harmless, we would tolerate; but those which are both unreasonable and mischievous, we would ever oppose and disregard. It is the religious duty of every Christian to employ his time and his energies in that way in which he can make himself most useful to others, and best provide for those who are dependent upon him; and it is a shame for Christians to slight persons, male or female, for disregarding their religious duty.

Let every young lady be so educated that she can support herself, and others if need be, by her own industry. If possible, let them be thoroughly qualified to teach in some one or more departments. If their circumstances should never require them to teach school, their thorough training will the better fit them for the duties of wives and mothers; and the consciousness that, in case of emergency, they can take care of themselves, will itself be a source of constant satisfaction. But all can not be teachers. Then let them make

themselves thoroughly acquainted with some department of labor, in which, by excelling, they can support themselves by moderate exertions. If in the good providence of God, their circumstances should always be comfortable, they can, in many ways, turn their skill to good account. There are few men who are not so situated more than once in the course of life, that economy in domestic affairs becomes a matter of great importance. There are fewer women left widows, whose circumstances do not require care and skill in their expenditures; and there are no mothers training up daughters, who can properly neglect to teach them how to practice economy.

As there are few things more uncertain than earthly possessions, it becomes a matter of prime importance that the young, both males and females, should know how to take care of themselves in the day of misfortune. Above all, let them be taught that the Lord reigns; that whatever wealth or skill we may have, only "the blessing of the Lord maketh rich;" and that in the proper use of our faculties, and in the faithful discharge of our duties, we may claim the promise—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Having done what we can, we may cast all our care on Him, knowing that He careth for us.—*Presbyterian Expositor*.

EATING AND SLEEPING.

HALL'S Journal of Health says: "For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort."

Yes, yes; and by *omitting* the third meal, the individual, besides securing a night of sound sleep, will

not find on awaking in the morning, a bad taste in the mouth, so indicative of general foulness.

If one would always have a sweet mouth and a clean tongue, he can secure them both by simply ceasing to overtax his stomach. This frequent eating is an idle, mischievous habit, ruinous of both health and comfort; and it prevents the individual from receiving the great amount of enjoyment which it was intended he should receive from eating, and which is necessary to perfect nutrition.

Nothing should be eaten between the regular meals, whether these meals are taken either two or three times a day; nor should one eat so that the quantity ingested will induce heaviness or uncomfortable feelings. The cook tastes the food she prepares; and by the frequent tasting she destroys both the relish for her meals and her health. There are many housekeepers who have the same pernicious habit.

We know farmers, who, at the close of a long summer day, during which they have eaten heartily five times, and worked hard from four o'clock in the morning to nine at night, eat freely just before going to bed. The stomach, already enfeebled by constant working under disadvantageous circumstances, has now imposed on it an impracticable task, and the men lie down to sleep! Next morning they are nerveless, have scarcely slept all night, feel more wearied than they did when they lay down, and, on the whole, think the farmer lives a dog's life. So he does, so far as he sinks to mere animalism — living to eat — taxing his digestive apparatus at the expense of health, life, and life's enjoyments. So on from day to day, till nature makes a desperate effort to rid the body of the superfluous food introduced into it, burning it up by fever, or expelling it by some different remedial effort.

Farmers, being so much in the open air, with abundant exercise, *should* be the healthiest people; but

like others who are cursed with "*abundance of bread*," they are rheumatic, bilious, dyspeptic. This is a shame and a sin. Farmers, it is sin! Your liver complaints, chill fevers, etc., are as unnecessary as is the plague. Health and sweet sleep will come to you when you need, unless by bad habits you drive them away. "*Go and sin no more.*" — *Life Illustrated.*

THE FAMILY.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

THE first and great commandment is the fear of God, and the second, which is next to it, and like to it, is obedience to parents. Wherever the root is planted, this is the first fruit which it bears.

The teaching of the Decalogue, and of the Proverbs, though circumstantially different, is essentially the same. On the one hand, we have the legislator formally recording a code of laws; on the other, the aged, prosperous, and witty monarch collecting the best sayings that had been current at his court in that Augustan age of Hebrew literature. The cast of the writings corresponds with the position of the men; yet there are evident marks of the same spirit as the teacher, and the same truth as the lesson. The ten commandments are divided into two tables. The first lays the foundation of all duty in our relation to God, and the second rears the superstructure in the various offices of love between man and his fellow. In the Decalogue the fear of God lies deepest on the root; and of the manifold duties which man owes to man, the branch that springs forth first is filial love. It is precisely the same here. The beginning of the commandment is, "Fear the Lord," and the earliest outcome is, "My son, hear the instruction of thy father." This verse of the Proverbs flows from the same well-spring that hath

already given forth the fifth commandment.

God honors his own ordinance, the family. He gives parents rank next after himself. Filial love stands near, and leans on godliness.

God is the author of the family constitution. He has conceived the plan, and executed it. Its laws are stamped in nature, and declared in the word. The equal numbers of the sexes born into the world, the feebleness of childhood at first, and the returning frailty of age, are so many features of the family institute left by the Creator indented on his work. They intimate not obscurely the marriage of one man with one woman, the support of children by parents, and the support of decayed parents by the children grown. There are many such laws deeply imprinted in nature; and in nature, too, a terrible vengeance is stored up, which bursts with unerring exactitude on the head of the transgressor.

One of the wonders of that little world in the dwelling, is the adaptation by which all the powers of the elder children are exerted for the protection of the youngest. A boisterous and impulsive boy, able and willing to maintain his rights by force of arms, against a rival older than himself, may be seen to check suddenly the embryo manhood that was spurting prematurely out, and put on a mimic motherliness, the moment that the infant appears, bent on a journey across the room, and tottering unsteady by. A condescending look, and a winning word, and a soft arm around,—all the miniature man is put forth in self-forgetting benevolence. How exquisitely contrived is this machinery in nature, both for protecting the feeble thing that receives the kindness, and softening the rude hand that bestows it! There is fine material here for parents to watch and work upon. The stem is soft, you may train it; the growth is rapid, you must train it now.

In proportion as men have adopted

and carried out the ordinance in its purity, have the interests of society prospered. All deviations are at once displeasing to God, and hurtful to men. The polygamy of eastern peoples has made the richest portions of the earth like a howling wilderness. The festering sores opened in the body of the community by the licentiousness of individuals among ourselves, makes it evident, that if the course, which is now a too frequent exception, should become the general rule, society itself would soon waste away. It is chiefly by their effects in deranging the order of families, that great manufactories deteriorate a community. Though the socialist bodies, being so sickly and diseased in constitution, have never lived much beyond infancy among us; yet, as they are founded on a reversal of the family law, their effects, in as far as they have produced effects, are misery and ruin. The Roman priesthood, abjuring the divinely provided companionship of the household, and adopting solitude, or something worse, have ever been like a pin loose in the circling machinery of society, tearing every portion as it passes by. In the constitution of nature there is a self-acting apparatus for punishing the transgression of the family laws. The divine institute is hedged all round. The prickles tear the flesh of those who are so foolish as to kick against them.

In practice, and for safety, keep families together as long as it is possible. When the young must go forth from a father's house, let a substitute be provided as closely allied to the normal institution as the circumstances will admit. Let a sister be spared to live with the youths, and extemporize an off-shoot family near the great mart of business, with a dwelling that they may call their own. The cutting, though severed from the stem, being young and sapful, will readily strike root, and irritate the parent. This failing, let a lodging be found in a family where

the youths will be treated as its members, participating at once in the enjoyments and restraints of a home. When the boy must needs be broken off from the parental stem, oh, throw him not an isolated atom on the sea of life, that welters in a huge metropolis; nor pen him up with a miscellaneous herd of a hundred men in the upper flat of some huge mercantile establishment, a teeming islet lapsed into barbarism, with the waters of civilization circling all around. If you do not succeed in getting the severed branch engrafted into some stock that shall be equivalent to the family, and so exercise the natural affections, the natural affections checked, will wither up within, or burst forth in wickedness. The youth will be ruined himself, and the ruined youth will be an element of corruption to fester in the heart of the society that neglected him.

Honor thy father and thy mother. This is the pattern shown in the mount. The closer we keep to it, the better will it be both for the individual and the community. God is wiser than men.

Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right, and all right things are profitable. To violate the providential laws, is both a crime and a blunder.

Love to parents ranks next under reverence to God. That first and highest commandment is like the earth's allegiance to the sun by general law; and filial obedience is like day and night, summer and winter, budding spring and ripening harvest, on the earth's surface. There could be none of these sweet changes and beneficent operations of nature on our globe, if it were broken away from the sun. So when a people burst the first and greatest bond—when a people cast off the fear of God, the family relations, with all their beauty and benefit, disappear. We may read this lesson in the fortunes of France. When the nation threw off the first commandment, the

second went after it. When they repudiated the fear of God, they could not retain conjugal fidelity and filial love. Hence, the wreck and ruin of all the relations between man and man. As well might they try to make a new world, as to manage this one wanting the first and second, the primary and subordinate moral laws of its Maker.—*Rev. William Arnot.*

A WESTERN SCENE.

BY MRS. J. G. KIDDER.

OUR part of this State is interspersed with small lakes, whose clear, limpid waters embosom in shadows the old oak and stately pines, which seem to stand as sentinels, guarding their quiet bosoms from intrusion. Small streams, winding their way through the dark, leafy woods, ever dancing, till they mingle their tinkling voices with the glad music of the lakelet, have charms for us.

On the banks of one of the largest of these quiet lakes, were gathered together children and parents, scholars and teacher, to celebrate the anniversary of our nation's independence. A pleasant walk of two miles brought us upon a scene of quiet mirth and activity. A large "bower," built by placing posts upright in the ground, and roofed over with oak and pine boughs, formed a shelter and shade for the long table which occupied a large space. Children of all ages were gathering on the spot with happy, smiling faces, and, I dare say, bright anticipation of coming pleasure. It was the first meeting of the kind many of them had ever attended. Parents are awakening to the wants of their children; to their joys and sorrows, as well as their amusements, and beginning to realize the responsibilities resting upon them; feeling they have duties as well as their children.

One o'clock came, and found nearly fifty bright, happy faces around the

well-loaded table. Every voice was hushed, every head lowered, as a blessing was asked upon the bounties before them. Memory touched me with her wand, and I traversed over many intervening years, and stood in the home of my childhood, and beheld a scene the counterpart of the one before me, where glistening black hair and sunny curls lay around just as happy faces, and the bird's blithe carol vied with the happy laugh.

One of the prime movers and managers laid her hand on my shoulder, and recalled me to myself.

"How long do you think they (pointing to the children,) will remember this day?"

"All their lives," answered I; "you are giving your children something to turn their thoughts back upon when the toils and cares of life make their heart weary and they long for rest; something they may turn to, and know they were blessed with parents who felt and realized that they were 'casting bread upon the waters.'"

I paused and she added, "And who feel that God has given us these jewels for our benefit, as well as theirs; for, as we train the little feet through life's rugged path toward their Father's home, do we not feel we are elevating our own minds, and bringing our souls nearer God and happy-land."

She turned her eyes upon her children, and if there was a little pride mingled with the expression of love upon her countenance, she may be excusable.

"What! you here," said a friend, coming to us, with a smile. "Well, things are brightening, ai'nt they? Who would have thought we could have found so many little people in this part of the world?"

He was gone. Some little miss had claimed him before we could reply.

"Ten and two make a dozen, do n't it?" said a gentleman.

"No, oh, no!" answered a little lady close at hand.

"Well, three *does* make a baker's dozen."

"The reason of the odd number, if you please," demanded the lady, in return.

"Oh, because! Well, I believe it is because they are a more generous people than the rest of mankind."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied Miss Baker. "But I believe it is because they think 'honesty is the best policy.'"

The laugh that followed convinced the young man he was treading dangerous ground; so he finished placing dishes upon the table without any comment.

"O, come with me now
Away o'er the sea,"

sang a merry voice, and, as if by magic, the table was deserted, and away toward the landing went the children with flying feet.

The boats, all that could be found, had previously been brought around to the spot, and now they were soon filled with happy, smiling faces, and gliding away under the management of strong hands and willing hearts. A more innocent and happy scene it has seldom been my lot to witness. With merry music, the boats moved gaily away, and as the sounds grew fainter, we could almost fancy it a fairy play.

The sun was low in the west when we were all assembled again to listen to a few concise remarks appropriate to the occasion. The last prayer was offered, the last hymn sung, and the last "good-by" repeated, and we wended our way to our several homes, truly thankful that we had been permitted to enjoy a day of such unalloyed pleasure; and as we lay our heads upon our pillows that night, we were prepared to dream of "pic-nics," and Sabbath school, and Fourth of July.

THE SLANDERED.—A venerable old man says: "Let the slandered take comfort—it is only at fruit trees the thieves throw stones."

The old man is right; who ever saw thieves throw stones at the birch, maple, or elm trees? The more fruit the tree bears, and the richer it is, the more it is likely to attract the attention of the thief.

No man that tries to do his duty to his fellows, and endeavors to live to bear the fruits of true religion in his daily conduct, can for a moment suppose that he will pass along through life without being slandered more or less. Such a man will of necessity have some enemies! and these enemies will try in every way to injure him, and, among others, they will not be slow in stirring up the polluted waters of defamation and slander.

A man who has no enemies, is merely a milk and water nothing. We would not give three figs for such a man.

He who is any thing, who makes his mark in the world, who does good, will have enemies; and, if he have them, he will be sure to be slandered.

"MOTHER IS NOT WILLING I SHOULD GO."

THIS remark was made in the writer's hearing, a short time since, by an intelligent, amiable youth, in reference to attending a place of worship where it is believed error is taught, and, as it involves a most important principle, is worthy of a passing notice.

Obedience to parents is surely not a peculiarly prevalent principle with the young of the present day, but wherever it is seen, gives large promise of future good. Where is the young man who seeks the counsel of an experienced father? or defers to the advice of a judicious mother? Happy, indeed, were such instances common.

Eager for selfish gratification, thirsting for riches or fame, many have no sooner entered upon the theater of life, than the maxims of prudence are

scornfully flung aside, and a reckless career begun, regardless of consequences. Thus it is we see multitudes of the rising generation casting off the fear of God and man, while licentiousness and fraud, distrust and ruin, abound.

Parents, see to it that you exercise a watchful care over your children, especially your sons. Seek first of all, their conversion to Christ, and seek it *early*, before Satan and the world have gained dominion there. Seek it in sincerity, for they will read your inmost thoughts. Daily commend them to your gracious Redeemer, and set before them a consistent, godly example, and you may expect the Divine blessing on your instructions and training.

I can not but think that the secret of so much wickedness abroad is to be found in the many irregular, ill-appointed homes of the young.

If every young man could say, "*My mother is not willing I should go*" to the club-room, to the theater, to the gaming-table, to the many haunts of vice, and places of sinful amusement to be found on every hand, *and refrain his feet from going*, how many families would be spared untold wretchedness; how many precious souls might be rescued from eternal perdition.—*American Messenger*.

HOW TO HOLD SICK PERSONS.—Never grasp him, or support any part of the body with the tips of your fingers, but with the whole breadth of your hand laid smoothly on the skin. If you use the finger-ends for holding any weight, they will press and dig into the patient's flesh, causing him great discomfort, particularly if the part be at all inflamed; but if your whole hand, with the fingers a little spread out, divide the weight over its surface, no discomfort, or as little as possible, is produced.—*Barwell*.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LAYING OF THE CABLE.

WE were present at an Educational Convention at Lockport, and had just come out from dinner at the hotel where a throng of teachers and other friends of education were present, when the laying of the cable was announced to us.

"Is it possible that that Babel has touched the clouds?" said one. "I have thought that the telegraph cable might bind the two worlds together at some period in the future, but I have not thought that I should live to see it."

A few minutes later, we were gathered in the densely-crowded hall where the meetings of the Convention were held, and when the house had been called to order, Professor Davies came forward and announced to the throng the successful laying of the cable.

A portly friend of ours who sat far back on the stand among the dignitaries of the Convention, advanced one step with his "ponderous bulk," as old Homer would say, and wheeling his hat at arms' length, such a shout went up from the assembled multitude as well might have made the bright skies vibrate with a thrill of delight, while it called down a shower of rain-drops from the eyes of the non-shouting sex all over the room.

When the echo of the huzzas had died away, Professor Davies went on with his remarks, referring briefly to the commencement of the enterprise, and now to the great triumph that had been achieved. He held in his hand a section of the cable, one foot in length, which he described with his usual mathematical precision. The impression made was one which no after proceedings of the Convention could obliterate.

The event is one which will make the day a marked one in the world's calendar. It is the date of a new era in the history of civilization. With such a bond of brotherhood as this thrilling at the bottom of the ocean, we think that "mountains interposed" should no longer "make enemies of nations."

The Convention went on with its work,

which was that of balloting for officers for the ensuing year, and elected our honored husband to the highest office; a compliment for which we here tender them our sincerest thanks. But whatever the work, every mind was filled with that event which made the day the brightest we have lived to witness; and when the balloting was over, Mr. Stuart of New York arose and went back to the telegraph cable, giving an account of the manner in which this mapping of the bottom of the ocean across by the Newfoundland banks was first suggested, and the hint taken of that use which has now been made of the ocean's bed. He referred, also, to the first introduction of gutta percha, only a few years since, the substance within whose folds this wonderful messenger has at last been made to span the ocean. Then he spoke of the success of steam navigation on the Erie Canal—a triumph which that same 5th of August had achieved, and which, to us of the Empire State, is hardly second in importance to the laying of the cable. And again the eyes of the thoughtful were moistened for the emancipation of the worn-out horses, and the poor drivers all along the line of the canal. Truly, there was much cause for gratification in the progress which that day heralded to the world.

In his remarks on progress, Mr. Stuart spoke of the gymnasium which has lately been attached to the Brooklyn public schools, and the sewing machine which has been introduced; and for this, too, we were glad. It is said that "a word to the wise is sufficient," but we fear it will need line upon line, and precept, before people will begin to see the necessity of physical exercise as an offset to mental activity. We preach up "sound minds in sound bodies," but we blunder sadly in our use of means to produce sound minds and sound bodies.

The morning before leaving Lockport, we went down to look at the piles of masonry which have given name to the place. And we remembered well the time when no railroads spanned the Empire State, and we were drawn through those same locks on a packet in the night time, when it was too

dark to see this work of human skill, but we felt in the crushing of the boat against their sides, that the piles of masonry were there. It was in the last days of October, and the boat was crowded with those who were anxious to get through before the ice laid its seal upon the canal. Judge De Voux and his wife were among the passengers, having been pleasant companions of our journey during the three or four days it had taken us to cross the State. As I looked soon after this visit to the locks, at the De Voux College, which this good man established for the support of education of orphan boys, I could not help thinking how much one earnest, active life can do for the world. Who will establish such a school for girls?

But a touch on the arm recalled us from this retrospect of the last twenty years, and Em. said, "Let us jump on this boat and go through the locks."

No sooner said than done; the gentlemen handed us on deck — the boatmen brought us stools from the cabin — the boat went on — the green, moss-grown water-gate closed behind us, the water rushed into the lock, and we were elevated to the summit of another wall, and borne swiftly through another gate.

"We shall report you as being *locked up*," called a gentleman from the stairs.

"That's a harmless slander," replied Em. "We are locked up by a gate through which you have no passport."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT. EXERCISE.

With regard to merely bodily exercise, it is to be observed, in the first place, that we have no fewer than four hundred muscles, each designed to serve some particular end in locomotion, or in operating upon external objects. A sound state of body depends very much upon each of these muscles being brought into action in proper circumstances, and to a suitable extent. There is even a law, operating within a certain range, by which each muscle will gain in *strength and soundness* by being brought into a proper degree of activity.

The process of waste and renovation may

be said to be always going on in the body, but it does not go on with permanent steadiness, unless the muscular system be exercised. Whenever one of the organs is put into exertion, this process becomes active, and the two operations of which it consists, maintain a due proportion to each other. A greater flow of blood and of nervous energy is sent to the organ, and this continues as long as it is kept in activity. When one state of action follows close upon another, the renovating part of the process rather exceeds the waste, and an accretion of new substance, as well as an addition of fresh power, takes place. On the contrary, when an organ is little exercised, the process of renovation goes on languidly, and to a less extent than that of waste, and the parts consequently become flabby, shrunken, and weak. Even the bones are subject to the same laws. If these be duly exercised in their business of administering to motion, the vessels which pervade them are fed more actively with blood, and they increase in dimensions, solidity, and strength. If they be little exercised, the stimulus required for the supply of blood to them becomes insufficient; imperfect nutrition takes place; and the consequences are debility, softness, and unfitness for their office. Bones may be so much softened by inaction, as to become susceptible of being cut with a knife. In a less degree, the same cause will produce languor and bad health.

It is of the utmost importance to observe that the exercise of any particular limb does little besides improving the strength of that limb; and that, in order to increase our general strength, the whole frame must be brought into exercise. The blacksmith, by wielding his hammer, increases the muscular volume and strength of his right arm only, or if the rest of his body derives any advantage from his exercise, it is through the general movement which the wielding of the hammer occasions. One whose profession consists in dancing or leaping, for the same reason, chiefly improves the muscles of his legs. The right hands of most persons, by being more frequently employed than the left, become sensibly larger, as well as stronger. A still more striking illustration of the principle is to be found in a personal

peculiarity which has been remarked in the inhabitants of Paris. Owing to the uneven nature of the pavement of that city, the people are obliged to walk in a tripping manner on the front of their feet; a movement which calls the muscles of the calves of the legs into strong exertion. It is accordingly remarked that a large proportion of the people of Paris are distinguished by an uncommon bulk in this part of their persons than in other cities.

In order, then, to maintain in a sound state the energies which nature has given us, and, still more particularly, to increase their amount, *we must exercise them*. If we desire to have a strong limb, we must exercise that limb; if we desire that the whole of our frame should be sound and strong, we must exercise the whole of our frame. It is mainly by these means that health and strength are to be preserved and improved. There are rules, however, for the application of these laws of our being.

1. That bodily exercise may be truly advantageous, the parts must be in a state of sufficient health to endure the exertion. A system weakened by disease or long inaction, must be exercised very sparingly, and brought on to greater efforts very gradually, otherwise, the usual effects of over-exercise will follow. In no case must exercise be carried beyond what the parts are capable of bearing with ease, otherwise, a loss of energy, instead of gain, will be the consequence.

2. Exercise, to be efficacious even in a healthy subject, must be excited, sustained, and directed by that nervous stimulus which gives the muscles the principal part of their strength, and contributes so much to the nutrition of parts in a state of activity. To explain this, it must be mentioned, that to produce motion requires the co-operation of the muscular fibre with two sets of nerves, one of which conveys the command of the brain to the muscle, and causes its contraction, while the other conveys back to the brain the peculiar sense of the state of the muscle, by which we judge of the fitness of the degree of contraction which has been produced to accomplish the end desired, and which is obviously an indispensable piece of information to the mind in regulating the

movements of the body. The nervous stimulus thus created, will enable a muscle in the living frame to bear the weight of a hundred pounds, while, if detached, it would be torn asunder by one of ten. It is what causes men in danger, or in the pursuit of some eagerly-desired object, to perform such extraordinary feats of strength and activity. In order, then, to obtain the advantage of this powerful agent, *we must be interested in what we are doing*. A sport that calls up the mental energy, a walk toward a place which we are anxious to reach, or even an exercise which we engage in through a desire of invigorating our health and strength, will prove beneficial, when more of actual motion, performed languidly, may be nearly ineffectual.

3. The waste occasioned by exercise must be duly replaced by food; as, if there be any deficiency in that important requisite, the blood will soon cease to give that invigoration to the parts upon which increased health and strength depend.

RECIPES.

BLANC-MANGE.—Boil two ounces of isinglass in three pints of water half an hour; strain it into a pint and a half of sweet cream; sweeten very sweet; add a few bitter almonds; let it boil once up, and put into what forms you please. Be certain and let the blanc-mange settle before you turn it into the forms, or the specs will be on the top of the blanc-mange when taken out of the moulds.

LEMON PIE.—Chop your lemon fine; peel and use all, except the seeds; then to each lemon take one egg, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup molasses; add a cup of water to every four lemons, and stir in a few spoons of flour. Make a nice paste, and bake with two crusts.

TO DYE COTTON GREEN.—For five pounds of cloth, take one-half a bushel yellow oak bark; boil it one and one-half hours, then skim out the bark, add one pound of alum; have ready your composition, previously prepared by putting into a bottle three ounces oil of vitrol, and one and a half ounce well-pulverized indigo; set the bottle into

a kettle of cold water, boil it one hour, leaving it uncorked—stir it well, then put it carefully into the dye; mix *thoroughly* before putting in the cloth; let it simmer an hour or two after the cloth is in; stir often.

SUET PUDDING.—One cup suet chopped fine; one cup sweet milk; one cup molasses; one cup raisins, or dried cherries which are nearly as *fine*; one tea-spoon salt; one-half tea-spoon soda; flour to make it about as thick as pound cake—boil it in a bag, or form, three hours—eat with wine sauce.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—Scald one quart sweet milk; stir in seven heaping table-spoons corn meal; one tea cup molasses; one-half a tea-spoon salt; one tea-spoon ginger,—bake three hours; eat with butter.

A DELICIOUS LEMON PIE.—Take one lemon, grate off the yellow, but do not use the white part of the rind; squeeze out the juice, and cut the pulp fine; take one tea cup white, or coffee sugar; one tea cup water; one well-beaten egg; one table-spoon of flour; two table-spoons sweet cream—or if you have not cream, milk will answer; mix all well together—bake with two crusts of nice paste; and, if you have a relish for good pies, you will desire to “repeat the dose.”

POUND CAKE.—One pound butter; one pound crust sugar pulverized, and stirred with the butter until it is light and creamy; twelve eggs; three-fourths pounds of flour; beat the yolks well, add them to the butter and sugar, then sift and stir in the flour, and, lastly, add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a firm froth—hurry into the oven.

A NICE PLAIN CAKE.—Five eggs; one cup butter; two cups sugar; two and a half cups flour; one-half a nutmeg; one wine glass buttermilk; soda sufficient to sweeten it.

POUND CAKE.—One pound of flour; one of sugar; three-fourths of a pound of butter; the whites of twelve eggs; the yolks of six; one nutmeg. Sift the flour and sugar together, wash the butter and beat to a

cream, put all in a pan and beat fifteen minutes, or until thoroughly mixed.

AN EXCELLENT PIE.—Take two-thirds cranberries and one-third elderberries; stew them separately; mix and sweeten to your taste, and bake with a top and bottom crust of rich paste.

DIET FOR THE SICK.

PREPARED FLOUR.—Tie up a pint of flour *very tightly* in a cloth, and put into boiling water. Let it boil three hours. When untied, the gluten of the flour will be found in a mass on the outside of the ball. Remove this, and the inside will prove a dry powder, which is very astringent. Grate this, and wet a portion of it in cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, and when it is at the boiling point, stir in as much of the wet mixture as will thicken it to the quality of palatable porridge. Stir in a little salt, and let this be the sole article of diet until the disease has disappeared. Relieve it first by toasted bread, or very delicate mutton broth, which latter is also astringent. If the disease has not progressed to the degree of inflammation, this diet will generally prelude all need of medicine.

BISCOTINE.—Press a pint of dry, well-sifted flour very compactly into a tin pan, and let it slowly bake in a moderate oven till it has become very delicately brown, or dark cream color. It will be very hard, and must be grated for use, and can be used for porridge, like the prepared flour.

MUCILAGE.—Mucilage of boiled sheep's trotters is good for diarrhoea.

RICE WATER.—Boil rice till it is perfectly dissolved, by adding water continually; strain it from all particles, and it will be a suitable diet for patients recovering from disordered bowels. It is essential that it be free from all particles, which lodge in the intestines and may cause inflammation.

PARCHED CORN TEA.—Pound parched corn pretty fine, pour boiling water upon it, let it boil a little, and add sugar and milk if liked. It is good for teething children, and for any weak stomach.